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THE LORDS AND THE PAPER DUTY.

MR. BRIGHT fully appreciates the unwonted advantage of taking his stand on the real or supposed Constitution. His language, even outside the House of Commons, is for once comparatively temperate, because he has an argument for the basis of his declamation. The interference of the House of Lords with the repeal of an Excise duty is professedly novel and exceptional, and it only remains for individual peers to consider whether paramount public interests justify the exercise of their legal power to reject even a financial Bill. Lord MONTEAGLE and Lord DERBY must be fully aware of their grave responsibility, and of the advantage conferred by their mode of proceeding on the advocates of a measure which may have been in itself inexpedient, precipitate, and unjustifiable. Mr. GLADSTONE's Budget has lost, during the discussion of its different provisions, nearly all the popularity which attended it when it was first announced as a whole. Mr. BRIGHT's recent successes are measured by the progress of Reform since the time when he first pointed the moral of schemes for remodelling the representation. A general conviction prevails that in the present state of Europe it is unwise to abandon productive sources of revenue, nor is a prospective deficiency regarded with greater favour when it is suggested that the task of covering it will furnish wholesome employment for the youthful energies of a reformed Parliament. Constitutional and financial innovators, rallying from a succession of defeats, will cordially welcome the opportunity of assailing the aristocracy under a plausible pretext, and of converting the debate on the Budget into a question of privilege. It would be impossible to commence the conflict under greater disadvantages, and as the combatant is willing to fight up hill with the sun in his eyes, it seems reasonable to suppose that he is confident in the goodness of his cause or in his own resources. The House of Lords has undeniably the power, and in a certain sense the right, to reject any Bill, whatever may be its subject-matter. In the various discussions on the imposition or repeal of the Customs duty on corn, no technical objection was ever taken to the interference of the Upper House in a question of revenue; but the Corn-laws were always attacked and defended on grounds of public economy and policy, while the excise on paper is, in substance as well as form, a simple revenue tax. Lord MONTEAGLE proposes to declare that the House of Commons has not made sufficient provision for the public service; and if his motion is carried, the Crown will be compelled to accept a grant which the Government has declared to be unnecessary. The traditional relations of the great powers of the State will be unpleasantly disturbed, and it only remains to be considered whether the extent of the public danger will justify the unusual remedy which is proposed.

The House of Commons ought to have prevented the crisis by giving effect to its own calm convictions. The small majority which has discredited the plan for repealing the Paper-duty included the names of many members who are justly alarmed at the prospects of the public revenue. Party feeling, fear of popular clamour, and dislike of seeming inconsistency, accounted for the presence in the majority of several times the number of votes which would have been sufficient to reverse the previous decision. In the earlier part of the session, the House had declared that an additional penny on the pound of income was a less evil than the continuance of the duty; but it was still an open question whether both sources of revenue formed more than a sufficient provision for the public wants. The slight increase of the Army Estimates, the uncertain cost of the Chinese expedition, would have furnished a plausible reason for suspending the proposed repeal of taxation. Above all, it would well have become the House to

think of the year 1861, with its inevitable pressure, and with its still wider contingencies of danger and expense. The million which would have been levied on the paper manufacture during the current financial year might perhaps have been spared for the sake of attaining a desirable object, although not without a certain amount of inconvenience. The real objection to the repeal consists in its irrevocable character, and in the certainty that the loss must hereafter be made good by a farther extension of direct taxation. Every eminent financier, in or out of the Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. GLADSTONE himself, would have gladly retained a duty which, notwithstanding its unavoidable disadvantages, is the least oppressive of all remaining Excise duties, and probably the most elastic. The dissatisfaction of the paper manufacturers with the proposed removal of the corresponding Customs-duty, would have offered unusual facilities for the reconsideration of an ill-advised measure. The proprietors of penny newspapers and of other cheap publications were the only persons directly interested in the repeal, for the clap-trap of taxes on knowledge and education has lost its influence with a nation more solicitous at present for cheap tea and sugar than for additional supplies of tracts and melodramatic tales. The very course of the debate facilitated a return to prudent counsels, when the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER laid down the novel doctrine that the House is bound to accept every proposal for a repeal of a tax which the Government may think proper to advance. If the debate had arisen on any stage of the Bill except the last of all, the Government measure would, on a renewal of the struggle, have been inevitably defeated. Unluckily, the House of Commons has placed the measure beyond its own control, and, desiring its defeat, it will nevertheless probably resent the method by which the attainment of its own object is to be secured.

It is natural that Mr. BRIGHT should welcome the prospect of acting in concert with a majority of the House, and perhaps even of moving the sympathies of the Cabinet in favour of Mr. GLADSTONE's policy. At the same time, he will do well to consider whether it is better to rely on technical regularity or on sound financial principles. If the House of Lords maintains the Paper-duty, it will have conferred an immediate benefit on the country at the cost of a constitutional anomaly. An outraged nation, in denouncing the confiscation of its privileges, will still remember that the usurpation is partially compensated by an additional revenue of a million and a half. It is not even impossible that the arguments used in favour of sound economical policy will be popular as well as sound. Lord MONTEAGLE and his supporters may show that Mr. GLADSTONE's schemes are not only rash, but deliberately and intentionally mischievous. The responsible Minister who is bound to provide for all public wants with the smallest possible amount of pressure, has intimated, not obscurely, that he wishes to make taxation troublesome, in the hope of forcing on a reduction of establishments. Unconscious of the semi-treasonable nature of his doctrines, and desiring to maintain peace by crippling the public resources, he limits the duration of the Income-tax to a single year for the express purpose of provoking discontent and compulsory parsimony. In the present state of Europe, the chief desire of the sounder part of the nation is to complete those preparations for defence which are repulsive to the bigotry of Mr. BRIGHT and to the blind self-confidence of Mr. GLADSTONE. The opponents of the Budget in the House of Lords, in proving that the maintenance of a sufficient revenue is essential to the public safety, may quote from their opponent's voluntary admissions that the anticipated deficiency has been provided for the express purpose of hampering the free action of Parliament. Constitutional principles, as distinguished from the strict letter of the law, have grown up by degrees, through the influence of common sense and con-

siderations of practical expediency. The House of Commons will probably long remain the ruling power in the State, but it is not safe to give the House of Lords unnecessary opportunities of displaying superior patriotism and financial prudence.

If the Repeal of the Paper-duty had been rejected on the third reading, the Government might perhaps have lost the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE. Any Ministerial crisis which might follow on a defeat in the House of Lords would necessarily include the whole Cabinet. On a question of privilege, those members of the Government who have most utterly disapproved of the Budget would be willing and able to adopt the quarrel of their brilliant and dangerous colleague. The return of Lord DERBY to power would be in the highest degree inexpedient with reference to affairs at home and abroad. Mr. GLADSTONE, with all his unsteadiness, is preferable to a Chancellor of the Exchequer who would not even suppose that the public advantage was his own principal object. It is hard that a valuable source of revenue should be about to lapse, unless it can be preserved at the cost of a Constitutional anomaly, and perhaps of a Ministerial revolution. If it is true that the principal non-official statesmen of the Liberal side intend to support Lord DERBY, the interference of the House of Lords will be rendered less irritating by the removal of the question from the category of party conflicts. It may be hoped, however, that no final resolution will be adopted without grave consideration of the serious difficulties which it will be impossible to evade.

TURKEY.

IT has always been thought a wise and happy thing to have two strings to a bow. The Emperor of the FRENCH, in working his foreign policy, is more fortunate, for he has three. He uses first one, and then another—so that his bow is never idle, and some arrow of discord is always flying. These three strings are known as the Italian, the Rhine, and the Eastern questions. The Italian string has been well worked of late; the Rhine string happens to pull rather stiffly at present; and so recourse is once more had to the third string, and the unhappy SULTAN is discovered to be tormenting his Christian subjects. By this judicious alternation of his machinery, the EMPEROR effects the double object of making England very uncomfortable, and of encouraging the notion that he is the arbiter of the fate of Europe. It is natural that we should feel especially uncomfortable whenever this Eastern string is employed, for the Ottoman Empire will not bear to be made a question much longer, and will die like the patient who expired while the doctors were disputing as to the remedy. If it breaks up, a scramble will ensue, and a scramble means a European war. But the chronic danger of the SULTAN and his Empire is a much greater source of anxiety to England than to any other great Power. For England alone wants things to remain as they are. We have no particular sympathies with the subject population of the Porte that should make us care to see Europe in arms for their sake. To us, the Moldo-Wallachians are simply people who send us salicine and a little corn, and the Turk is a so much finer and more respectable creature than the Greek, that we cannot grudge his having the upper hand. The quarrel between the Greek and the Latin Churches is nothing to us. All that we want is, to keep Russia out of Constantinople, and France out of Egypt. We have, therefore, got all we can get; and as we cannot win, and may lose, our goodnatured friends always bring the Eastern question forward when they want to annoy us.

No doubt mischief is brewing. M. DE LESSEPS, who acts the part of the woman in the barometrical toy, and only comes out of his hole when it is going to rain, has just held a monster meeting and congratulated his shareholders. This looks bad, as the Suez Canal has a most curiously intermittent existence; for when England is to be conciliated, it is discontinued, and, when England is to be provoked, armies of workmen are represented as working at it night and day. Russia, too, has again shown herself as the champion of the Christian subjects of the Porte, and she and France are undoubtedly working together. What it is exactly that Russia proposes is not known, but we know that it is something which has caused Sir JOHN CRAMPTON to intimate a strong dissent from it on the part of England. The fact is that any intervention to protect the Christian subjects of the Porte against the governing race must be either futile, or must

break up the Ottoman Empire. All that can be done was done when the Treaty of Paris was settled. The SULTAN announced his intention of protecting his Christian subjects. He entered into no undertaking to do so—he only communicated what was supposed to be a voluntary purpose. This gives no other Power a right of interference, and if Russia and France use force to coerce the Porte, they will do so without any pretext afforded by the treaty. But it is impossible that, except in a very limited degree, the SULTAN should give his Christian subjects protection. Some very flagrant cases of oppression might occasionally meet with punishment, but the Porte has no means of controlling the passions and prejudices of the dominant race. The Turk has the traditions of his conquest to sustain his pride, and he has a consciousness of personal superiority in courage, strength, and resolution to the race whom his fathers subjugated. As these conquered tribes are also detestable heretics, he thinks it as right as he finds it satisfactory to treat them ill, to deny them justice, and to decline their testimony. How is the Government of Constantinople to reform or prevent this? The connexion between the central and the local authorities is of the faintest kind. There is one fact which speaks volumes on this head. There are no roads whatever out of Constantinople. When the city is left, the traveller finds himself at once in fields cut across by the tracks of cattle and of a few carts. The SULTAN easily fulfils all he undertook to do by the Treaty. For he only promised to do what he could, and what he could do was to issue a wholly ineffectual edict; and this he has done in the most punctual and handsome manner. He cannot see this edict carried out. He does not possess the requisite machinery, and cannot get at the offenders. If a pasha were to burn a hundred Christian villages, he might catch the pasha and have him bowstrung, but he cannot make a local tribunal attach proper weight to the evidence of a Christian serf. If Russia, or any other Power, were to give real protection to the Christians in the rural parts of Turkey, it would be necessary to open up a network of decent roads, and to have a legion of local agents, who should report the offences of the Turks to the Chancery at Constantinople; and then, if the Russian Ambassador had a large armed force at his command, he could certainly see that the Christians were protected. But under this arrangement the presence of the SULTAN in Turkey would be so wholly superfluous that it would soon be dispensed with.

It is, however, rather difficult for Christian Europe to turn a deaf ear to the statement of the undeniable fact that the Christians in Turkey are very badly treated. To protect them is to break up the Ottoman Empire; but if France and Russia are willing it should be broken up, they can force this result on without shocking the public opinion of the civilized world. Whether they are really prepared to do this, however, is very doubtful. We cannot think that, in the long run, France and Russia can pull together; for it could not answer to Russia to make France powerful in the East. The Emperor NICHOLAS saw where the true interests of Russia lay, when he proposed to England to divide the sick man's inheritance, and to refuse any share to France. It may suit the policy of the Court of St. Petersburg for the moment to join France in an attempt to baffle and weaken England, but, as a rule, England, and not France, will be the ally of Russia. We do not come into collision with the interests of Russia, whereas France cuts across them at a thousand points. We have now learned to look with an absence of terror, and even with a faint approbation, on the increase of Russia in Asia, as it is difficult to conceive any other agency by which the wild tribes that lie between the Ural mountains and China can ever be brought within the pale of Christianity and law. In Europe we have nothing, and are likely to do nothing, to make Russia jealous or afraid of us. But France is the standing adversary of Russia, and calls principles of policy into operation the triumph of which would fill Russia with alarm. The master of Poland cannot hear without anxiety the French shouting for the restoration of oppressed nationalities. England, on the other hand, is the best ally Russia can have, for she wants nothing for herself, and has no wish to interfere in the domestic concerns of the Russian Government. While, therefore, it is useless to conceal that the revival of the Eastern question at the present moment is ominous, and that the joint intervention of France and Russia will give us a great deal of trouble, we think that there is no cause for despair, and that the junction of France and Russia cannot last very long. A little firmness and patience is all that is wanted, and a determination

not to be less ready to fight than our neighbours. With this we shall keep up the Ottoman Empire as long as it can be kept up; and when its fall comes, we shall receive out of the ruins the only prize we covet—that of an unimpeded passage through Egypt to India.

SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN.

WHEN the Secretary of the Legation at Turin was guilty of an act of carelessness or indiscretion in altering the wording of a despatch on which an important question happened to turn, he was summarily disgraced, and nobody was found to get up in his defence and say how many despatches he had copied accurately in the course of his official career. Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN has committed, not an act of carelessness or indiscretion, but a crime, and one most dangerous to the State; and public opinion ought not to be deterred from denouncing his crime because he had been previously a meritorious official. A very meritorious official, in a certain sense, he had been. But he had not known, in England any more than in India, how to suppress his personal ambition and do his plain duty. His attack on the policy of the Supreme Government, with its epigrammatic levities, is redolent, not of official dignity, but of a style the arrowy points of which Sir CHARLES's employers have, we suspect, before now felt in their flank. Perhaps what has occurred may be a lesson to our statesmen not to relieve themselves of restive subordinates by exporting them to our dependencies instead of controlling them at home. What is the Supreme Government of India, thus "defied," as a paucyrist of Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN coolly and justly says, by the Governor of Madras, now to do? Is it to abandon the measures to which it has completely committed itself, and forfeit its *prestige* in the eyes of a population whom the spell of that *prestige* alone holds in subjection? Or is it to persevere, at the risk of the consequences which Sir CHARLES and his accomplices in the Madras Council have done their best to prepare for it—a great insurrection, and another Delhi and Cawpore? The offenders are under no mistake as to the nature of their act. "There are parts of the Presidency," says Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN, "where the people are of a more turbulent and martial character. I do not pretend to say what the effect of the new taxes, if they are persevered in, will be upon these populations." "A sullen feeling of dissatisfaction," says Mr. MOREHEAD, another member of Council, "already exists wherever Mr. WILSON's scheme of taxation has been understood by the people: and this feeling will, if the proposed taxation is carried out, undoubtedly become one of general and serious discontent." And to the same tune Mr. MALTRY:—"It is a novel experiment, the success of which must be uncertain, and in the event of failure we should then incur the great danger of raising a flame of discontent throughout the whole empire, and uniting the entire people in a feeling of opposition to us at the same moment." No wonder the seditious Indian press gives these words in italics—they are words that have a meaning in them. The authors of these manifestoes are perfectly aware that it is gunpowder to which they are applying the match; and if the powder does not explode in revolt and massacre, it is no fault of theirs.

Of course Lord ELLENBOROUGH comes forward to defend Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN. He naturally sympathizes both with the act and with the temper which prompted it. He was himself most justly recalled from the Governor-Generalship for contumacious disregard of the orders of his employers. More recently we have seen him driven from the Board of Control for a despatch publicly taking the part of insurgents against the Governor-General, and questioning the QUEEN's title to the insurgent province. The secret of Lord ELLENBOROUGH's conduct in both cases was that egotism which glared forth alike from the bombast of the Sonnauth proclamation and from the flippancy of the CANNING despatch. The same egotism has misled Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN on this occasion, and is equally manifest in the style of his minute. "The authority of the Indian lawgiver MENU (appealed to by Mr. WILSON) would have no more influence with them than quotations from the Rubric or Canon Law would have upon a country congregation in England suffering from the innovations of a reforming High Church clergyman." Is it in such a style as this, and with smart allusions to "Frankenstein reappearing in another shape," that a high-minded man, full of a deep sense of his responsibility, and regardless of himself, performs the tremendous duty of arraigning an act

of the Supreme Government in the face of a vast subject population? The junior member of Council, with the frankness of comparative youth, lets the cat out of the bag a little, when he dwells so much on the distinction between the cases of Madras and Bengal, and predicts a failure of attachment among the people of Madras to the unity of the Empire. The Council of Madras and their President probably feel that their administrative talents would be of more service to the State in an independent sphere of Government. Perhaps they may not own this aspiration to themselves; but it may nevertheless be not without influence in inducing them to "stay the pestilence," as their admirers have it, by "defying," at the expense of "a portentous crisis," the Government they have the honour to serve. We can scarcely imagine a case which could warrant Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN, as an irresponsible subordinate, well knowing the duty of obedience which he had undertaken, in shrinking from the task of carrying out the order of his superiors loyally to the utmost of his power. It signifies nothing whether the order is right or wrong. Or rather, if it appears wrong, chivalry and duty to his country require the subordinate all the more to stand to his post, and endeavour, so far as in him lies, to mend in the execution that which is amiss in the design. But if the extreme case does occur—if that which is commanded is utterly repugnant, not only to the subordinate's sense of expediency but to his sense of justice—there is open to a man of honour the silent protest of resignation. Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN did not resign; and it is idle to say that he acted with a full knowledge that he was sacrificing his office, though he may have been partly aware that he deserved to do so. He might feel tolerably certain of finding in this country Lord ELLENBOROUGH and *Morning Herald*s ready to back up any one who gave trouble to the Government of Lord CANNING. He acted, we dare say, with great recklessness of the consequences to himself as well as to the public service. But recklessness of consequences is not deliberate self-sacrifice. It is displayed by every man who, whether in public or private life, allows his personal ambition or the violence of his temper to overcome his sense of duty.

At the battle of the Dunes, Marshal TURENNE ordered LOCKHART, the commander of the English contingent in the French army, to advance against a particular part of the Spanish lines; and being aware that the order was a questionable one, he charged the officer who carried it to explain his reasons. The officer was proceeding to do so when he was cut short by LOCKHART. "The Marshal shall give me his reasons *after* the battle." LOCKHART was no mechanical drill-sergeant or dull red-tapist, though he understood the true grandeur of unhesitating obedience to command. He was one of the very ablest negotiators, as well as one of the best officers, of that age of practical genius, and a man quite accustomed to have the sole charge of the greatest affairs. TURENNE himself might have found it more difficult to beat than to command him; and were he living now, even Lord ELLENBOROUGH and Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN might possibly see in him their peer. Nor could he be ignorant of his own pretensions, since he had been earnestly pressed into the service of the Commonwealth by the best judge of practical capacity in that or perhaps in any age. Foreign historians record the anecdote as a high example of the qualities in which the greatness of the English character lies. But where will the greatness of the English character, and the fear it inspires, be now? What is there henceforth to distinguish the Englishman in action from the Frenchman or the Spaniard? What Indian prince may not hope to wrest the sceptre from our hands when he sees English officials, in places of high trust and amidst great public dangers, forget their country in themselves, and publish their differences and their insubordination to a subject people? If these are the flights of emancipated genius, there is something to be said, after all, for red tape. The great conquering nation of antiquity—whose case, though remote in time, is in its circumstances very near to ours—were the greatest red-tapists the world ever saw. Mr. DICKENS would have covered them with ridicule. Yet in the art of winning and keeping an empire, which was their one idea, we have something to learn of them. Above all, it seems we have to learn of them that habit of strict subordination to command, when in presence of the enemy or of subject populations, with which not only their history, but their very legends, are instinct. It is a fair question for the moralist and the philanthropist whether we ought to

hold an Indian Empire at all. But if we are to hold it, we must hold it in the Roman fashion, though we need not use it, like the Romans, for selfish ends. It remains yet to be seen what amount of mischief Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN's crime will produce. But a crime, we repeat, he has committed. And his recal needs no apology. It was, in the opinion of every man not besotted with faction, or himself prone to the indulgence of the same propensities, clearly due to the offended and imperilled State.

GARIBALDI'S EXPEDITION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exposure of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL's bad law, almost universal sympathy attends the daring enterprise of GARIBALDI. There is, indeed, too much reason to apprehend the political complications which will follow his success even more certainly than his failure; but daring so brilliant, opposed to tyranny so odious and contemptible, overpowers all cold calculations of prudence. It is idle to dwell on GARIBALDI's legal or illegal position, for all international law assumes the existence of legitimate authorities exercising their regular functions in peace. The Government of Sicily has rights as well as duties, but the result of the civil war will determine whether that Government is to be represented by the BOURBON King, by VICTOR EMMANUEL, or by some elected chief. Lord JOHN RUSSELL justly pointed out the necessity of judging the character of insurgents, and of their individual allies and leaders, with reference to the justice and to the practicability of their enterprises. At the head of the Sicilian people, and disposing of a considerable force, GARIBALDI is in as respectable a position as WILLIAM of ORANGE on his march to London; and he is more fully entitled to the courtesies of war than LAFAYETTE in America, than Lord COCHRANE in Peru and Chili, or than Sir C. NAPIER when he commanded the Portuguese fleet. Only the strange potency of sectarian fanaticism in dulling the moral sense can account for the doctrine that LAMORICIERE is more worthily employed in commanding an army of mercenaries for a foreign Sovereign than GARIBALDI in leading the forces which are to emancipate his own countrymen. The artificial code which splits up a nation into States, making the subjects of each aliens in every other, becomes necessarily obsolete with the facts on which alone it is founded. Soldiers who are fighting for Italy as their common country cannot be condemned as outlaws on the pretext that the King of the Two SICILIES is as independent as the King of SARDINIA. The Poles were treated as rebels when they demanded separation from a foreign country; and the Sicilian insurgents incur the same risk when they claim annexation to their own. The legalization of the national doctrine must, in either case, depend upon fortune, but in both instances the object of the struggle is equally definite and equally noble.

If the war can be maintained even for a few weeks, it will be impossible for Sardinia to remain neutral. The agitation and excitement cannot be confined to the limits of Southern Italy, nor is it possible that the unity of the Peninsula can remain an open question. The Sicilian insurgents, as well as their new leader, will at present welcome the sovereignty of VICTOR EMMANUEL; but although GARIBALDI has held high commissions in the Sardinian service, his allegiance is professedly uncertain and conditional. If the BOURBONS are expelled, he will not consent to serve under the banner of the King of one half of Italy, and there is reason to fear that, in preference to sacrificing the main object of his life, he would attempt to substitute the unity of a Republic for a division into two or three principalities. King VICTOR EMMANUEL and his Minister would probably have preferred the opportunity of consolidating the new Kingdom to the necessity of doubling their stake in a final contest for the sovereignty of Italy. Externally, their hopes have been directed rather to Venetia than to Naples and Sicily, and their policy is hampered and distorted at every turn of affairs by the oppressive patronage of France. There is some reason to suppose that Imperial agents have encouraged the Sicilian movement, but the expulsion of the present dynasty has not been contemplated as an occasion for extending the power of Sardinia. The abortive plot for establishing a French Prince at Florence may probably be revived in favour of the MURAT family, or, in his extreme need, the King of NAPLES may be induced to hold his dominions as a mere dependent of France. There were grave dangers in opposing GARIBALDI's enterprise, and serious difficulties in avowing it, but in a short time the

boldest policy, if not the safest, will be absolutely prescribed by circumstances. An armed collision with the Papal troops will perhaps become unavoidable, and yet the Holy-See is, through its foreign relations, a far more formidable enemy than Naples or the revolutionary party. At all hazards, however, VICTOR EMMANUEL must maintain himself at the head of the great movement which has already borne him so far.

The report of an anti-Italian League is probably premature or unfounded. It is said that Naples, Rome, Austria, and the banished Princes, have formed an offensive and defensive alliance, but it seems scarcely possible that impending ruin can have been foreshadowed by so utter a deprivation of reason. From an attack by Austria, the Italian Kingdom is virtually guaranteed by France, and the rest of the confederates would be utterly helpless against the native forces of the Peninsula. An alliance of a reigning Power with a landless Pretender is at all times a losing bargain to the partner who contributes all the capital and bears all the risk. Naples has something to lose, and may probably be on the point of losing it, but the runaway Dukes can give no aid to the common cause, except by transferring a few regiments of mercenaries which they are no longer able to support. The greatest danger to the Italian cause impends, not from Austria but from France, and it is perhaps fortunate that the leader of the movement in Sicily is, in this respect, also a true Italian. During the height of the excusable enthusiasm for the Emperor NAPOLEON in last year's campaign, GARIBALDI, with a manly tenacity, refused either to forget or to forgive the shameful intervention at Rome which struck down the cause of independence in 1849. In one of his late proclamations he reminds his countrymen of the disastrous conflict, not, perhaps, without a tacit reference to its possible renewal.

The same spirit, widely diffused throughout the whole of Italy, will probably disappoint hostile intrigues, as it has already neutralized the insidious stipulations of Villafranca. Long accustomed to see its destiny arranged for it by foreign potentates, the nation has within the last year fully realized the consciousness that it is fighting for its own independence. The union of Tuscany and Romagna with Piedmont and Lombardy would have been comparatively insecure if it had been conceded by foreign generosity. The unity which has been partly extorted and partly bought will be valued far above any gift; and the partial success which has been attained will encourage the struggle for a completer and securer result. Even if a foreign usurper were temporarily placed on the throne of Naples, he would find that he must choose between the character of an Italian Prince and the obedience due from a French Lieutenant. On the occurrence of the next European disturbance, he would, in either case, be required to make room for a Sovereign who, among other claims to the whole of Italy, is more especially recommended by his actual possession of half. If the young King of NAPLES had not been converted by his priestly instructors into a mischievous and imbecile bigot, he might have divided, with a not unfriendly neighbour, the government and defence of Italy. If his dynasty succumbs in the conflict which his folly has provoked, no mushroom Pretender or foreign nominee will be strong enough to dispute for any considerable period the supremacy of Sardinia.

The chances of GARIBALDI's success are for the present extremely obscure. It is probable that he holds all the interior of the island; but the fertile districts lie round the coast, and the established Government retains the command of the sea. Even a Neapolitan frigate will perhaps, when assured of certain impunity, fire on vessels which may bring supplies and reinforcements to the insurgents; and on the whole, GARIBALDI's success probably depends on the diversion which may be effected by simultaneous outbreaks on the mainland. As long as the civil war continues, it is not for England to interfere, but the Government ought steadily to keep in view the ulterior consolidation of a great Italian Kingdom. Lord JOHN RUSSELL is fortunately not likely to fall into Lord MALMESBURY's blunder, by discountenancing the only result which can compensate for the disturbance of European peace. With an Italy stronger than Prussia, or than Spain, France would be compelled, on one frontier, to renounce further schemes of conquest; nor would it be a small advantage that a main source of agitation would be permanently dried up. Relieved from the pressure of foreigners, the Italians would probably find it their interest and their pleasure to maintain in splendour and security their own native Delphi at Rome. The oracle

is unpopular because the Pythoness has always Philippized, whether the Philip of the moment was to be found at Vienna or at Paris. Patriotic responses would become frequent if they were found to be most profitable; and Irish pastorals may, at some future time, be inspired with pious enthusiasm for the legitimate and orthodox successors of VICTOR EMMANUEL.

SPAIN AND CUBA.

QUEEN ISABELLA of Spain has been felicitated, both by the free and by the official press throughout Europe, on her cousin's recognition of her title; but it is to be feared that the advantage to herself is much greater than the gain to her subjects. By the abdication of the two Carlist Princes she becomes virtually a legitimate Sovereign. Legitimate, indeed, in the technical sense, she never can become; for the objection to her sovereignty is not that she represents a branch which, like the House of ORLEANS, is not yet entitled to succeed, but that she is a female, who, by the Salic law of the Bourbon Monarchies, can under no circumstances ascend the throne. But all the male representatives of her house have now acknowledged the superiority of her rights to their own, and, though some of the younger Princes may be inclined (as is said to be the case with one of them) to throw off the allegiance they have promised to her, it will be difficult to persuade even a Spanish Carlist that the withdrawal of the Count DE MONTMOLIN and his brother in favour of ISABELLA has merely the effect of transferring their rights to the next male heir. There is probably no priest or noble, no peasant or pedant in Spain, who does not now regard her title to the Crown as complete; and she may henceforth care as little for doubts of her legitimacy as FRANCIS JOSEPH of Austria himself. It is impossible to reflect on the mode in which this important change has been effected without a moment's regret for the utter debasement of the noblest blood in Europe. When the men are without courage and the women without virtue, a family may indeed be believed to have lasted too long.

The QUEEN, therefore, has obtained unqualified advantages, both through the increased stability of her throne, and through the removal of the superstitious doubts which were said to trouble a not usually sensitive temperament. How far her subjects, and the freedom they have begun to prize, have profited by her good fortune, is quite another question. Hitherto, nothing but her consciousness of the defect in her title has seemed to keep her faithful to her Constitutional duties. What policy she would like to follow she has shown over and over again; but she appears to have felt thoroughly that without the sanction of national consent her throne could not be maintained for a moment against the claims of MONTMOLIN. This check on her craving for absolute power is now taken away, and it is useless to deny that she will enter with vastly increased strength into her next conspiracy against the liberties of Spain. It will be found, among other things, that a large party has now rallied to her side which cares nothing for Constitutions. The priesthood, half reconciled to her already, will be with her heart and soul; and the religious feeling of the country, which she has hitherto been afraid to evoke, can be enlisted on the side of any extension she may endeavour to give to her authority. In addition to this, a not inconsiderable body of malcontents which has kept aloof from Constitutional politics will shortly make itself felt in the Cortes and in the country, and may be depended upon to second any policy which may recommend itself to the QUEEN. Noble families, not seen at Court for thirty years, will soon be flocking to Madrid, and a great amount of local and personal influence which, if exercised at all, has been used to strengthen the political factions most disagreeable to CHRISTINA and ISABELLA, will henceforward be employed just as the QUEEN or her mother may direct. All this, of course, will render tenfold more formidable those extraordinary powers of dissimulation and intrigue which have already enabled ISABELLA to get rid in turn of all the statesmen who have become obnoxious to her, except O'DONNELL. Hers is a thoroughly treacherous nature, and, as was the case with her father FERDINAND, the adversity with which she has had to contend seems only to have given a finer subtlety to her natural cunning. FERDINAND's courtiers knew when he was going to shoot a man by his offering a cigar straight from the royal mouth, and the observers of ISABELLA warn her Ministers to

be on their guard whenever she is unusually warm in her approval of the policy of her Government. It is very fortunate that, under such circumstances, the chief of the Cabinet is a man like O'DONNELL. O'DONNELL has as strong a will as NARVAEZ; but, while NARVAEZ was never more than the creature of the Court, all the military and political successes of O'DONNELL are associated with Parliamentary government. It was the great majority he commands in the Cortes which prevented him from having long ago his turn of dismissal; and it was the fear of this majority which saved him from displacement in the midst of the Moroccan war. Even were he not conscious of this, he is certainly well aware that, were he to convert himself into the Minister of an absolute Queen, his head would not be six months safe on his shoulders.

On the other hand, it is only fair to admit that the politeness of the Carlist Princes has rendered Spain materially stronger for foreign war. The occasion they chose for their attempt points to the weakness in the condition of the country which had seemed fatal to its displaying energy abroad. Everybody had thought that, if Spain engaged in a foreign war, she would shortly be paralyzed by a civil war at home. This infirmity is now cured for ever, and Spain will be able to put forward against her enemies whatever resources she possesses without fear of their finding allies in her own provinces. It is no injustice to the Americans to assume that their views on Cuba have been materially influenced by the distracted home politics of Spain. The cross in the sky which shows that it is time for the Manifest Destiny to accomplish itself is, if we understand rightly, precisely a civil war raging in a neighbour's territory. It is no part of that destiny to undertake a difficult and expensive war, nor is it in the least an article of the MONROE doctrine *debellare superbos*. Under these circumstances, it does seem unlucky that the only point on which the strongest party in the United States assembled in the Charleston Convention finds itself agreed is the absolute necessity of conquering Cuba at once. In fact, it is not at all improbable that the next President of the United States will be more strongly pressed on this subject than any of his predecessors, if only because some overpowering interest is required to keep the dispute on Slavery in the background. But a war with Spain will now be a very different struggle from any which the Filibustering faction has looked in the face. Spain has 300,000 men under arms, and of these she could now afford to throw 150,000 into Cuba. Her artillery is extremely formidable, and the weapons of her whole army are of the newest patterns. The men themselves, as was proved by their fighting in Africa, are quite up to the level of the ordinary Continental soldier; nor have Americans or Englishmen any right to look down on the capabilities of a raw material which, a century or two ago, was fashioned into that famous Spanish infantry which our ancestors of Queen ELIZABETH's time were glad enough to meet at sea instead of on shore. Nobody, indeed, who has a clear idea of the resources of the American Federation can doubt that it would succeed at last in obtaining Cuba, or, at least, that the island would only be saved from it by the wholesale enfranchisement and arming of the negroes. But the war, in the changed posture of Spanish affairs, would be neither short, nor easy, nor cheap. What is even more to the point, it would probably ruin the political party which began it. A lingering contest, bringing little glory and a good deal of taxation, is not at all the great national act which the Democratic mob has bargained for; and we may be perfectly sure that, before it was half over, the disappointment of the majority would come in aid of the strong disapprobation which an enlightened minority would never cease to feel and profess. Success will gloss over many crimes; but there never was a nation which submitted to serious and prolonged sacrifices for the sake of consummating an act of impudent injustice.

THE ROTTEN GUN-BOATS.

THE Admiralty has at last made a clean breast of it, and we are assured that it has told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about the gunboats and mortar-vessels. The admitted facts now are, that of all the vessels which have been submitted to examination, only two or three have been found in a sound condition. The great majority have been ordered to be repaired at a cost little less than their original price—several are already proved to be gone past redemption—and half-a-dozen, at least, of these nearly

new vessels have been condemned to be broken up. There is not the least reason to suppose that those which remain to be examined will turn out to be less defective than the rest, for samples have been selected from among those which have undergone every variety of treatment, and the same dismal report is made of almost all. Whether they were kept on active service or afloat in harbour, hauled up with the copper on or stripped with a view to their better preservation, the decay has gone on with the same fatal rapidity. It is useless now to lament over the waste of many hundreds of thousands of pounds, or to dwell upon the serious consequences which may ensue from the wholesale destruction of the only class of vessels in which we could boast that our navy was far superior to all others. The mischief is done, and the Admiralty is, no doubt, busy enough now in tracing the source of the evil, and devising what will probably turn out to be ineffectual precautions against the recurrence of so calamitous and scandalous a failure.

A misfortune from which wisdom may be learned is not without its value; but it is the peculiarity of Admiralty mishaps that they occur in spite of precautions which are represented as erring rather in excess than defect. Lord CLARENCE PAGET endeavoured to reassure the public mind by describing the abundant pains that are now taken to secure both good material and good workmanship in contract-built vessels. Permanent officials are attached to every yard where contract work is going on. Periodical visits by superior inspectors supply a second check, and when the vessel is finished and handed over to the Government, a rigorous survey by a master shipwright is supposed to exclude the possibility of fraudulent practices. This ought to be sufficient to prevent seriously defective work, even if we say nothing of the patriotism and honesty of contractors selected from the leading firms of the country, on which it would seem to be somewhat Quixotic to rely. If the mischief had been caused solely by the use of unseasoned timber at a time when no other was to be had, there would be force in the apology which has been urged for the builders. But this is not so. When two false heads are substituted for a copper bolt, there must be fraud somewhere, and it is quite impossible that the timbers of a ship should rot from sap without the defect having been perfectly well known when the vessel was built, both by the contractors who did the work and the inspectors who overlooked it.

No amount of indignation to which those who are guilty of such fraud may be exposed can exceed their deserts, and some of the attempted vindications have really made the case uglier than ever. Messrs. GREEN endeavoured to excuse themselves from the charge of fraud by alleging—no doubt truly enough—that they were obliged to put on a great number of strange hands; but, though the abstraction of scraps of Admiralty copper is not the kind of offence which a rich contractor is likely to commit, their defence would certainly have looked better if they had denied their knowledge of the fraud and had not sought to persuade the public that it was a venial, if not a strictly proper, thing to put a certain proportion of short bolts into a ship which they had contracted to fasten throughout in the more complete manner which the Admiralty insists upon. But the climax of impudence is their complaint that the Admiralty did not employ a larger staff of inspectors. Messrs. GREEN know very well that the dockyard inspectors were sent, not to relieve the builders from the duty of looking after their own men, but simply to watch Messrs. GREEN themselves; and their excuse would be exactly paralleled by the plea of a prisoner charged with robbery, that it was all the fault of the Executive for not maintaining a stronger force of police.

But whatever may be the result of an investigation into the conduct of the contractors, the want of fair dealing on the part of reputable commercial firms is not to our minds the most serious aspect of the case. Short measure, adulteration, scamped work, and other contrivances to secure dishonourable gains are unhappily too common, but if the matter is probed to the bottom, the evil will perhaps be found to be more deeply seated than such an explanation would imply. Contract work is apt to be more or less untrustworthy, but there must be some reason why contractors cheat the Government more than their private customers, and the Admiralty more than any other public department. When a gentleman gets a yacht built by contract, he does not put a spy into the yard to secure himself against fraud; but private yachts are not ordinarily built with sappy timber and sham fastenings, and do not, as a rule, crumble into rottenness before they are five years old. That the Admi-

ralty, with its elaborate machinery for inspection, should be treated so much worse than any private customer, is a circumstance which deserves a close investigation even more than the individual knavery of this or that contractor.

It was very naturally surmised from Lord CLARENCE PAGET's silence on the subject, that the usual inspection had for some reason been omitted in the hurried times of the Russian war, when these ill-fated gunboats were built. But the Duke of SOMERSET has cut away a defence which would have reduced the culpability of the dockyard officers to simple negligence. He has ascertained the almost incredible fact that, in many of the yards where the worthless vessels were built, a chief inspector and a leading man from the Government dockyards were stationed for the express purpose of preventing the mischief which they chose to permit. The specifications under which the contracts were taken were explicit enough as to the material to be used; and though the Admiralty were compelled, by the urgency of the case, to waive the demand for seasoned wood, the real mischief was caused by the use of material so palpably unfit for ship-building purposes that no inspector who had not been grossly ignorant or wilfully blind could have failed to detect the fraud. No laxity on the part of the authorities can in the smallest degree extenuate deliberate fraud by those with whom they dealt; but it is not unreasonable to surmise that the Admiralty itself supplied both the temptation and the opportunity which originated the mischief. Nothing can be more mischievous or demoralizing than the practice of tying men down to impossible conditions with the tacit understanding that they will not be rigorously enforced. The builders who signed the Admiralty specifications knew that they could not perform them; and the conviction that a breach of contract to some extent was unavoidable seems to have tempted them to make the most of their opportunity, and commit as much default as they pleased in bargains which it was impracticable to fulfil to the letter. If the Admiralty, instead of insisting on seasoned timber of a scantling which was not to be had, had contented themselves with stipulating for the materials which were procurable, they might have prevented the use of sappy wood which was certain to rot, and would have got vessels which, if somewhat slighter than was desirable, would at least have had all the strength which their appearance promised. It is a constant practice, not only in the Admiralty, but in other Government departments, to insist upon impossible terms, and, as a necessary consequence, to encourage laxity of performance even in those particulars where good work might have been secured. Contractors know well enough how to avail themselves of this loose way of doing business, which has to answer for more scamped work than anything else except the carelessness or dishonesty of Government inspectors.

And this is the crying evil which must be remedied before any real reform can be effected in the dockyards. The revelations about the gunboats harmonize only too well with the Report of the Dockyard Committee. Whether work is done within or without the Government establishments, the whole system of inspection seems to break down. Where the materials are found by the Government and worked up in their own yards, the duty of the inspectors is to see that the quantity of work done is not less than the quantity paid for. The way in which they discharge their functions is proved by the fact that the labour paid for in building a man-of-war is about twice as much as it need be. On contract work the only difference is, that we rely on inspectors to certify the quality of materials instead of the quantity of work; and there, again, the supervision proves wholly worthless, and new ships with a fair exterior are found on trial to be nothing but rottenness within.

We say nothing to deprecate the threatened prosecution of the delinquent contractors. By all means let them be punished as they may deserve. But it is of infinitely more importance to ensure proper care in the higher, and strict honesty in the lower, departments of the Government Dockyards. Whether the proved laxity of supervision arises from almost incredible carelessness or from criminal dishonesty on the part of inspectors who find their account in winking at the frauds which are daily practised, we do not pretend to say. Either gross negligence or grosser fraud must be rife within the ranks of the dockyard inspectors, and it is far more important that the truth should be ascertained in this respect than even that the sharp practice of trading firms should meet its due retribution. An inquiry into the malpractices of the builders has been resisted, on the plea that the propriety of taking legal proceedings against them is

under consideration. No such reason applies to prevent or to delay a close investigation into the whole system of dockyard inspection. If the establishments are as rotten as the gunboats themselves, the sooner the fact is discovered the better; and if they cannot be mended, the next best thing, as Lord CLARENCE PAGET said of the gunboats, is to break them up. We trust that the occasion will not be allowed to pass by without a searching inquiry into what may turn out to be the root of all dockyard mismanagement and waste.

PRUSSIAN POLICY.

THE Prussian Assembly a few days ago, in granting a considerable sum for military purposes, adopted, almost unanimously, an amendment which declared that it was intended to put the army on a war footing. When it is remembered that the Emperor NAPOLEON, on the eve of the Italian campaign, assured Lord COWLEY that he was only maintaining a peace establishment, the significance of a formal declaration of the scale and purpose of the Prussian armaments ought not to be overlooked. The implied menace or defiance can only be addressed to Denmark or to France, and probably it is intended for both. Notwithstanding the irritating transactions which have taken place with Austria, the two great German Powers will, in the presence of a common danger, keep their differences within the limits which are compatible with the maintenance of peace. In the event of a war on the Rhine, it is even probable that Austria would be forced to take a part, on pain of sacrificing all the remains of her ancient influence in Germany. The minor Princes, whatever may be their inclinations, dare not side with the public enemy in a struggle which all their subjects would feel to involve the existence of the nation. The Hanoverian Government, which is, of all others, perhaps the most unfriendly to Prussia, was lately compelled publicly to disavow some expressions which implied the possibility of a future alliance with France. The petty Sovereigns would accordingly invite Austria, as their natural patroness, to assume or to divide the lead which would otherwise fall entirely into the hands of Prussia. Their selfish interests in the mean time blind them to the folly and the treason of inviting foreign aggression by the constant display of their internal disputes. Yet it must be admitted that their jealousy of Prussia is connected with an instinct of self-preservation. The unity which is desired by the better part of the nation as the condition of greatness and independence must involve the mediatisation of a score of insignificant States, and the painful descent of as many Sovereign families to the rank of subjects. The sacrifice may be postponed by a loyal adhesion to the policy of Prussia, and it might possibly be averted at the cost of a base submission to the hated supremacy of France; but, on the whole, it is probable that any Prince who does his duty to the common country will be promoting the public advantage at the cost of his own personal privileges. The influence of Austria over the Governments of the Confederation is founded on the same reasonable conviction which induces the mass of the people, especially in the Northern Provinces, to regard Prussia as the natural champion of Germany. After the wonderful progress of Italy towards the regeneration which had seemed almost impossible, it is not surprising that the great central nation of Europe should demand to form itself into one powerful Monarchy.

A great internal revolution is almost always connected with some question of foreign policy. The Government which hopes to assimilate to its own dominions a large portion of Germany must first discipline its future subjects, and give them the habit of confidence in its guidance, by showing that it can direct and defend them against some common danger. The offensive and defensive policy of Germany is unmistakably marked out by circumstances, and the future King or Emperor must choose between a renunciation of his hopes and the championship of the national cause. It is improbable that Prussia should voluntarily incur the formidable dangers of a conflict with France, but since the annexation of Savoy, and the discovery of universal suffrage as an instrument of conquest, it would be idle to doubt the risk of a French attempt on the Rhine. There is an abundance of disloyal religionists in the old ecclesiastical principalities of Cologne and Treves to furnish a centre for foreign intrigues, and causes of quarrel can never be wanting to a greedy neighbour. A war with France during the next year is confidently anticipated at Berlin; and if it fails to break out, the continuance of peace will be exclusively

owing to the precautions of the Government and to the warlike spirit of Northern Germany.

It is not impossible that Prussia may be forced to take the initiative in an armed interference in the Holstein dispute. All Germany resents the attempts to denationalize those provinces of the Confederation which are only attached to the Crown of Denmark by a dynastic connexion. Ten or eleven years ago, Austria interfered to prevent Prussia from supporting the cause of Holstein; and now Denmark is backed and encouraged by a still more formidable ally. The reported treaty between the French and Danish Governments, if it has not been already concluded, represents a policy which has undoubtedly a practical existence. It is not the desire of France that Germany should be strengthened by union, nor is it undesirable to secure an ally against Prussia who might also be made useful as a maritime auxiliary in a war with England. The rights and wrongs of Holstein are naturally regarded with indifference at the Tuileries, where national sympathies only find a response when they can be made subservient to French interests. A conflict with Denmark will almost certainly precipitate the more serious struggle which must end either in the disruption of Germany or in the aggrandizement of Prussia.

No enterprise would conciliate the good will of the German people so thoroughly as a vigorous intervention in Holstein. The destined leader of the nation would, in such an undertaking, inaugurate his career by a vindication of national rights against a foreign opponent. In supplying the executive defects of the Federal Constitution, Prussia would represent at the same time a legal right and a popular revolution. The dissentient Princes would be compelled either to waive their independent policy, or to place themselves in direct opposition to the universal opinion; and the implied challenge to France, which must be offered sooner or later, could scarcely assume a more intelligible or popular form. The present armaments of Prussia are probably destined, in the first place, for the settlement of the Holstein question, although they may bear an ulterior reference to the supposed designs of France. It is not to be supposed that the PRINCE REGENT will imitate the degrading vacillation of his brother, who submitted to the menaces of Austria and to the arbitrary dictation of Russia at the moment when he had called 200,000 men to arms for the defence of German rights and for the maintenance of Prussian influence.

If there is a Mr. BRIGHT at Berlin, he probably, in default of public meetings, expresses a private opinion that the nation is arming because the *junkers* of Brandenburg and Pomerania desire commissions and promotion. It is only surprising, however, that in almost all parts of Europe the mysterious jobbery which characterizes England should assume the same form of uneasiness with respect to the intentions of France. Even Switzerland, which has no *junkers* and no standing army, has lately called out the militia for self-defence. If the Prussian gentry are actuated by selfish objects, they must have contrived with wonderful sagacity to propagate their opinions in classes where they have ordinarily but little influence. On the whole, it seems simpler, if less satisfactory, to suppose that there is either a common danger, or at least a general belief in its imminence. The practical inference from the similarity of proceeding and of sentiment in different countries seems to be equally obvious. The fable of the bundle of sticks may be read with as much facility in German as in English. NAPOLEON furnished Europe with additional illustrations of the ancient apologue by defeating Austria when he was at peace with Prussia, and crushing Prussia after he had conquered peace at Austerlitz. England and Prussia are at this moment the representatives of peace, of non-interference, of national independence, and, in different degrees, of political freedom. Whatever cause or pretext of quarrel may be discovered or forced upon either by France, the Power which may for the moment be unassailed will be guilty of criminal imbecility if it hesitates at once to join with all its forces in the war. The Emperor NAPOLEON displayed his sagacity when he selected Lombardy as the theatre of his first unprovoked aggression. No quarter of Europe remains in which he ought hereafter to find a battle-field for a single-handed contest.

NEWSPAPER STAMPS.

WE have felt strongly that no journal could join in the controversy as to impressed newspaper stamps without incurring some suspicion of selfish motive; and we are glad, therefore, that the temporary dropping of Mr. GLAD-

STONE's proposal gives us a fairer opportunity than has hitherto fallen to us of saying something on the subject. The question, as it appears to us, must be entirely decided by the wishes and interests of the public. If a majority of the nation is really desirous that newspapers should be carried by the post at an exceptionally low rate, and that, provided this postage be paid in a particular way, each newspaper so paid for should be transmitted from reader to reader an indefinite number of times, there is satisfactory ground for maintaining the present system. But on this point Parliament can judge infinitely better than the Press, which, for obvious reasons, is here an untrustworthy monitor. The claims put forward to the privileges of the Impressed Stamp as a matter of right are almost ludicrously untenable. The *Times* must have felt itself at very low water when it was reduced to arguing that newspapers were originally "news-letters"—the innuendo being that a broadsheet of the present day ought to pass through the post at the same rate as a dozen square inches of paper in an envelope. The truth is, the privileges of the stamp are a remnant of the old system under which newspapers were taxed down to the epoch of the Reform Bill. An enormous stamp duty was levied on them, and the boon of free transmission by the post was allowed as a slight deduction from the weight of an extraordinary burden. Gradually the amount of the newspaper stamp was reduced, but the postal privilege remained unaltered, becoming, however, more and more anomalous as the impost which it partially compensated declined in oppressiveness. When at length the stamp was entirely abolished as a source of revenue, it was not unnatural that the Post Office authorities should direct attention to the inequality of its incidence as a mode of prepayment. It is, in truth, more than probable that the advantages belonging to the Impressed Stamp were allowed to attach to it by the merest accident. The framers of the Stamp Abolition Act had apparently no reason for retaining it, except a notion that certain journals would find it practically more convenient than the Queen's head; and they seem to have been quite ignorant that it would entitle the sheet on which it was impressed to unlimited retransmission. But for all this, it does not follow that the privilege thus casually preserved is not a valuable one to the public. Many blessings for which we thank Heaven in our national commonplaces have descended to us along a chain of fortuities. If the advantages of the Impressed Stamp are sensibly felt, and are as considerable as the price at which they are purchased, they ought not to be swept away because their origin was accidental, or because their character is anomalous.

The very simple question respecting the expediency of retaining the Impressed Stamp has been not uningeniously confounded with another one quite distinct from it. Ought the Post Office to contribute anything to the general revenue of the country, or ought its profits to be expended on increasing postal facilities or diminishing their cost? There is certainly nothing anomalous in its paying a million or two to the Exchequer. The Post is a monopoly of the Crown, from which the nation, on which it has devolved, has as much right to expect a profit as the Sovereign who originally possessed it. Nothing can be more certain than that it did not originate in an undertaking of the State to carry letters at the cost of carriage. There may be a theory that this ought to be the principle on which it is conducted, but the theory ought to be contended for, and not merely asserted, for it has never been applied in practice, and never generally acknowledged. It is desirable, on quite independent grounds, that letters and other missives should be carried as cheaply and as rapidly as possible, but the desirableness of these advantages is limited by other considerations, and the comfort of having our postage reduced to a halfpenny may be altogether outweighed by the evils attendant on adding another penny to the Income-tax. There is much to be said, in short, in favour of raising part of the revenue through the Post Office, but of course the revenue should only be such as the department will fairly yield. The alleged underpayment of its servants constitutes a serious charge, for niggardliness, always the worst economy in a public office, is here distinctly paid for by the country, which loses more individually than it saves collectively through the petty plunder and peculation of starved officials. When Sir ROWLAND HILL recovers his health, he may be usefully reminded that, though there is no objection to his making a profit out of the undertaking over which he presides, he is not obliged to make one. It is possible that he may be too mindful of assurances, which he gave when the Penny

Postage was at first introduced. Its antagonists declared that the Post Office would henceforward be a dead loss to the nation. Its author, on the other hand, affirmed that it would bring in a large profit. We do him no great injustice in suspecting that he makes it a point of honour not to falsify his prediction.

One irregular and unfair use to which the Impressed Stamp has been put is attributable to the perversity of Parliament, or rather of certain members of it. So long as it was imperative, it served, of course, as a register of circulation. Why Parliament should even then have thought fit to publish returns of the comparative circulation of newspapers is a mystery to all who do not appreciate the force of Mr. DISRAELI's argument—an argument which shows the permanence of the wisdom embodied in JOHNSON's famous adage about fat oxen—that "the essence of a newspaper is publicity." But, now that it is optional whether the stamp shall be used at all, and whether, when used, it shall be impressed or adhesive, no conclusion whatever can be formed from the returns which two or three Parliamentary wiseacres persist in moving for. It has been said that calculations may be made from them which are approximately correct; but this impertinent suggestion is founded on error. The extent to which a literary or political journal uses the post as a mode of transmission is determined by the class to which it is addressed. Among daily newspapers, the *Times* is largely sent by post; but the penny sheets, of which some have a not inferior circulation, scarcely employ the Stamp or the Post Office at all. Among papers published once or twice a week, the religious journals are carried by the stamp from parsonage to parsonage, and from trim brick tenement in one village to trim brick tenement in another, till they are worn to pieces; but publications of the class to which our own belongs, however much they may find their way to rectories and country houses, have always the greatest part of their issue distributed in cities, and conveyed thither by railway without the aid of stamp, adhesive or impressed. We, indeed, individually, have no cause to complain of the revelations of the Stamp return; and a literary gentleman who has written a novel in three volumes to expose and explode the *Saturday Review*, expressly taxes us with having purchased sheaves of useless stamps in order to give a false idea of the vastness of our circulation. But we have ever repudiated the conclusiveness of these figures, if not on our own account, on that of our contemporaries; and we are obliged to add that, if the *Times* had not appeared to attach some value to the miserable puff which they seem to afford, its present energetic advocacy of the Impressed Stamp would wear a better colour of disinterestedness.

MORAL COURAGE.

MEN of honour find it almost as disagreeable to praise as to blame each other. It seems impertinent not to treat an act of gallantry or a display of resolution as a matter of course. But sometimes we cannot avoid passing a favourable judgment under circumstances which leave us at liberty, or even invite us, to express publicly what we feel. The act we praise may be a very singular one, or may very aptly illustrate a point of which it is serviceable that the world should be reminded. And if we occasionally take upon ourselves to praise physical courage, there is no reason why we should not praise moral courage also, and speak freely of examples of it, although in doing so we cannot help praising men who perhaps care neither to be praised nor flattered. If, in a case brought legitimately before the public, moral courage has been shown, those who have shown it must be content to have sermons preached from the text they offer; and a very suggestive example of moral courage has, we think, been recently shown by the three Fellows of All Souls College who, in the face of the opposition of their colleagues, have tried to maintain the system of election by pure merit in the distribution of fellowships. We do not intend to argue the examination question over again here, nor do we wish to magnify the virtue or heroism involved in the course taken by the three dissentients. They, we may suppose, simply thought that it was their duty to do their best for an institution which provided them with a certain quantity of bread and butter. But, as a general rule, moral courage is not shown in acts very heroic or magnanimous, and that which makes the All Sou's case worth remarking on is, that here were precisely the sort of circumstances in which moral courage has ordinarily to be displayed. We may recall to the recollection of our readers that the three dissentients, Messrs. Lushington, Watson, and Fremantle, were among the junior members of a large and influential body, and that in dissenting from the rest of the College they were dissenting from men with whom they had to hold frequent and sociable intercourse, many of whom were their private friends, and others of whom were perhaps twice their age, and possessed of considerable

influence in the University and elsewhere. To differ from all these persons—to call express attention to the grounds of the difference—to argue the matter before the Visitor—to object to the singularly inconclusive and incoherent response they obtained from the Visitor's delegate—and to go twice before a court of law in order to get a fair hearing and a decisive judgment, are all steps which might each have made men deficient in moral courage falter and hesitate. As these gentlemen have had the moral courage to go through with so disagreeable a business, they may fairly be held entitled to the respect, not only of the limited number of people who wish to see fellowships given away properly, but of all those who like to see men stand up under great disadvantages for what they think right.

One of the greatest difficulties in the way of exhibiting moral courage is, that the ground on which it is to be exhibited is almost always encumbered with intellectual doubts. It is a hard matter for those who are inclined to dissent to feel sure that they ought to dissent, and they can often see that those from whom they dissent are as honest as they themselves are. This constitutes a great distinction between physical and moral courage. In confronting physical danger, the thing to be done and the reasons for doing it are perfectly clear, and the only doubt is whether the courage of the man is adequate. If a breach is to be stormed, or a drowning man to be saved, or a vicious horse to be tamed, no intellectual doubts trouble the person who proposes to face the peril. He merely asks himself whether he dares to march up to a cannon's mouth, to swim within the clutch of a sinking man, or to go within reach of a furious animal. But, in cases of moral courage, the strength or plausibility of the arguments of one's opponents, and the calculation of ulterior consequences, often create the most serious embarrassment. Nothing could be more unjust or absurd than to suppose that the great body of the Fellows of All Souls wished to uphold a thing they acknowledged, even to themselves, to be in any way wrong. They were conscientiously convinced that the best mode of election was not to go only by the intellectual proficiency of the candidates, but also to take into consideration their parentage and personal agreeableness. This had been the old tradition of the College, and, if a departure was to be made, it must be directed by the new Statutes; but the new Statutes gave no direction of the sort. Their opponents had thus to encounter a sort of legal difficulty which is peculiarly disheartening to persons who have no external support to back them in opposition. They feel driven into a corner from which they have no escape. They feel sure of the general justice of the cause they determine to uphold; but many things are not a question of general justice, but of interpretation of narrowly fixed conditions. Then the harm which ineffectual resistance may do must always weigh heavily on those who are inclined to resist from conscientious motives. If they do not carry their point, they may only harden their opponents in the continuance of the system complained of, and may deem it a point of personal and party honour not to make any of the concessions that courtesy and friendly discussion might have won. Such considerations act most powerfully on the very people who are scrupulous and honest enough to care more for public duties than for private ease. If the issue were clear, and honourable men were distinctly asked whether they would undergo social discomfort or do a demonstrably and obviously wrong thing, they would not need much moral courage to choose the penalty of a certain loss of reputation and of a less friendly welcome in society. But such issues are not often presented in modern times, and the general issue is, whether a man will undergo a certain amount of social discomfort rather than shrink from defending a side or a view which, on the whole, and perhaps with latent doubts, he considers the best.

We may observe that the range of moral courage is not very great, and that it often ceases where, at first sight, we might expect it most. In many instances of resistance, opposition, and innovation there is very little moral courage shown at all. A reformer is often entirely possessed with his own theory, and burns with a fierce desire to carry into execution what he dreams of. He lives in a world of his own, and he forgets the world that disagrees with and stigmatizes him. There are also men who seem to rise above the level of moral courage. They have something to say to mankind, and they say it, and the consequences are almost indifferent to them. We should scarcely say that it showed moral courage in Socrates to teach the Athenians, or in Demosthenes to spur on his countrymen against Philip, or in Luther to break with Rome. There was nothing else for the men to do except the things they did. So, also, there are men who are beneath the level of moral courage, and who have nothing to lose, or who practically lose nothing, by breaking with society. It requires no courage for a silly paradoxical theorist to run counter to public opinion. He begins and ends by being thought too imbecile for notice. If an obscure pamphleteer were to recommend that all fellowships should be given to people with warts on their noses, he would display no moral courage. Society can only punish dissentients by withdrawing its favour when it has already bestowed it. So, too, persons who are always ready to quarrel with the world, and who live in a constant state of hot water, although they do not separate themselves on the whole from the society, friendship, and intercourse of their equals, need no great moral courage when they face any amount of opposition. They are pugnacious by nature, and like a row; and even if they fight only for what they think right, the pleasure

of fighting is so great to them that it does not need any large amount of moral courage to attack the enemies whom they think in the wrong. The late Sir Charles Napier, for instance, was a man who never hesitated to express his dissent from persons of the highest standing and authority; but he was so thoroughly born to fight and oppose, that we should hardly say his constant fighting and opposition showed any conspicuous moral courage.

The great test of moral courage is that a man shall dare to differ, steadily and unflinchingly, from the clique, set, or body to which he belongs, and to which, on all points except those that form the ground of difference he wishes to adhere. When a soldier of an ornamental regiment maintains the desirability of professional knowledge—or when a candidate at an election declines to swallow all the pledges the acceptance of which is supposed to mark a man as of a particular party—or when a clergyman publishes opinions that he knows will give offence in some quarters where he would like to be well thought of, real moral courage is displayed. Mere persistence in differing is no proof of moral courage whatever, for it may not involve any social loss or discomfort which would be felt by the person persisting. For example, an unpopular Minister may persist in a course that makes him widely hated; but this does not cost him much if he is applauded by those with whom he habitually dwells. He certainly loses popularity, but he has the applause of those who expect to profit by him, and whose are probably the only faces that he ever sees in familiar intercourse. It has shown no moral courage in the Emperor of Austria to persevere in the attempt to centralize the Empire, for he and all the persons he consulted believe it to be not only expedient, but practicable, to carry out the plan. But the relentless rigour with which he has insisted on the exposure of the recent frauds has shown some moral courage, because he has had to face the ridicule and contempt which Europe has poured on a Government that has allowed itself to be so grossly cheated. In a democracy, again, the moral courage that is wanted is the courage which prompts a person to differ on public matters with those with whom he generally agrees. Where, as between the Slave and the Free States of America, there is a specific and permanent cause of difference, individuals find it very easy to go with the South or North according as their convictions, interests, or passions may lead them. But a Southerner who differs from his neighbours on any of the great questions connected with slaves, or a Northerner who should proclaim a belief that England is right in the San Juan difficulty, would show moral courage in a very noticeable degree.

Moral courage is an excellent thing in its way, and deserves to meet with the most sincere respect; but, as its field is thus narrow, it is necessarily to be regarded with a less degree of admiration than those qualities or principles which impel men to do and say the greatest things of which human nature is capable. It may also be remarked that the beginning is everything in moral courage, and, directly the line of firm dissent is taken, it becomes tolerably easy to go on. There is not the sharp issue raised at every moment which is raised by successive strokes of physical pain. The penalties also which test moral courage have a tendency to fade away before perseverance. Society generally permits itself to be conquered by those who are in the right, and who do not needlessly affront it. Nor is the separation from society ever really complete, or the discomfort it creates ever without alleviation. Some people, and those ordinarily of a good sort, will cling to those who have exhibited moral courage; and the very unpleasantness of the social state in which the courageous man is forced to exist opens the hearts of his friends, and leads them to express their affection for him with a warmth which they would think it unmanly and presumptuous to express in favour of the prosperous. Then, again, social penalties only affect us at some few moments of our lives, and leave us many sources of happiness and enjoyment. A man must be a poor creature who cannot enjoy a walk or ride on a fine spring day because he does not agree with his College about the construction of the Statutes, or with his party about the Ballot, or with his clerical neighbours about the interpretation of a text. His social discomfort is, in a great degree, a trick of the fancy. If he imagines his adversaries scowling at him he will feel disturbed, but, if he exerts himself and imagines himself scowling at them, he will feel happy again. All that he has to undergo is a much less evil than acute and prolonged physical pain. It is better to quarrel with all the Fellows at both Universities than to have *tic-douloureux*, and to be pronounced heterodox by every religious newspaper than to have the stone. As long as a man has health, and appetite, and a clear conscience, and a few sincere friends, he may look with equanimity on the social penalties that are inflicted on him in return for his display of moral courage, and may await with patience the time when the tide of opinion shall again bear him to the position he has lost.

THE CASE OF MR. HATCH.

MR. HATCH'S case is in many points of view a very curious one, and it illustrates in several particulars some of the most characteristic peculiarities of English criminal law, though they are not precisely those of which Englishmen ought to feel proud. The matter is not one in which it is desirable, or indeed possible, to go very minutely into details; but its general features

are so peculiar, and upon some points so instructive, that it may be well to state them briefly. Mr. Hatch is a married man, with no family, and was, in August last, chaplain to the Wandsworth House of Correction. He wished to increase his means; and, unfortunately for himself, determined to do so by taking little girls as pupils. He obtained, by advertisement, Eugenia Plummer, of the age of eleven, the daughter of a Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, who possess considerable independent property near Wootton Bassett, and she was left at his house by her parents on the 11th of August. Mr. and Mrs. Plummer returned on the 25th, and left a younger child, Stephanie; and on the 26th they paid another visit, and took the children away without any notice whatever. Shortly afterwards, a letter was written by Mr. Plummer to the Bishop of Winchester, charging Mr. Hatch with having indecently assaulted the two little girls. The Bishop referred the matter to the Visiting Justices, suggesting an investigation, and at the same time informing Mr. Hatch of the nature of the charge. Mr. Hatch thereupon resigned his situation, and left Wandsworth; and Mrs. Hatch wrote to Mrs. Plummer, begging her to forgive her husband, and not to press the matter farther, as he was ruined already. The Plummers took out a warrant; but before Mr. Hatch's apprehension, they offered, through their attorney, to let the matter drop if Mr. Hatch would give a written confession of his offence, and go to Wootton Bassett and beg pardon. He refused to do so, and was accordingly apprehended, tried, and convicted upon two charges, one relating to each of the girls. Upon each conviction he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and hard labour.

The principal witness against him was the girl Eugenia, who swore that she was the subject of a series of very gross assaults, the first of which took place in the garden in front of the house, on the 11th of August, a few minutes after her parents had left her there. The second was stated to have occurred on the following day; and others took place in Mr. Hatch's own bed whilst his wife was present. Mrs. Hatch was also alleged to have witnessed one of the assaults on Stephanie Plummer. The story was in itself grossly improbable. It is hardly conceivable that such a transaction should take place at the times or under the circumstances stated, and it is no doubt true that the fact that Mrs. Hatch's alleged presence rendered the accusation utterly monstrous and unnatural, is one which would not occur to a child, however previously corrupt. The traces of falsehood in the minor circumstances are, however, even stronger than in the original charge. It was admitted by Mrs. Plummer that the child Eugenia was alone with her on the 25th, and that she made a statement to her, though not to the full extent of what she afterwards asserted to have occurred. She added that "Mr. Hatch was such a disgusting man," and that she wanted to be taken home at once. The mother said, "nonsense." She made no complaint to Mr. Hatch, and she actually left her second daughter in the house. According to her own account, she returned the next day, though she could give no reason for having done so, and upon what she then heard removed both the children. The suggestion upon this is obvious. Either the child, having an opportunity of doing so, made no complaint to her mother on the first day, or, if she did, the mother herself did not believe it. The second supposition appears the more probable of the two, and if it is correct it explains the whole case. That both the children were thoroughly corrupt is obvious. That the elder child had, for some reason or other, taken a dislike to Mr. Hatch, is equally clear; and there is nothing at all extraordinary in the supposition that corrupt and wicked children might take hold of any trifling circumstance as the foundation for a series of lies which would naturally grow more elaborate and circumstantial as they went on. It is said that there was no motive on the part either of the parents or of the children for the conspiracy imputed to them, but it is a mistake to expect in children the sort of motives which would influence adults. A grown-up man or woman does not bring a charge of this kind without some grave reason for it. They know what a serious matter such a charge is; they know that it will undergo investigation in a court of law, and that exposure, ruin, and the lowest depth of infamy will be the consequence of the detection of any fraud or perjury on their part. Children cannot be expected to appreciate these considerations. A wicked and artful child would see in such a crime as Eugenia Plummer's no more than one of the lies which such a child would be in the habit of telling for any trifling object.

The bare fact that it is difficult to specify the particular inducement which may have operated on the child proves nothing at all as to her credibility, nor does the absence of motive on the part of the parents appear to us to oppose any very important objection to the obvious conclusion as to the nature of the whole transaction. It is perfectly evident that in the first instance Mrs. Plummer disbelieved her daughter, for it is utterly incredible that, if she put any sort of confidence in her, she should have left her for another moment in Mr. Hatch's house; and it is, if possible, even more incredible that she should have left her younger child there also. Her subsequent belief, and her own and her husband's conduct, are easily explained by what came out on her cross-examination. The wretched flippancy and levity which she displayed in the witness-box; her admissions about her love of liquor; the facts that though she and her husband were in good circumstances they could get no servant to live in their house; that she assaulted with a candlestick one

servant who did live there with such violence that her husband had to pay 5*l.* and a doctor's bill; that her children were utterly uneducated; and that the elder one had been already at nine or ten different schools, from each of which she was removed after a very short residence—sufficiently indicate the value of her evidence, and throw the broadest light on the whole nature of the case. If this had not been enough, further proof was supplied by the fact that she and her younger daughter flatly contradicted each other upon a most important question.

When we add to all this the fact that two French ladies, a governess, and a servant, to say nothing of Mr. and Mrs. Hatch and Mrs. Dillon (Mrs. Hatch's mother) flatly contradicted one most important part of the evidence of Eugenia Plummer, it is impossible not to feel that the jury have in the present case returned a most righteous verdict; and the only question is how the former jury came to do otherwise. The answer to this question is curious and instructive. The grounds upon which the verdict proceeded must have been, first, that Mr. Hatch's conduct was suspicious in the extreme; and, secondly, that though it was in his power to call witnesses, and though the witnesses were actually in attendance, they were not called. As to Mr. Hatch's conduct in permitting himself to be led into an absurd and indecorous fondling of the child, it can only be said that, though his punishment for such folly was undoubtedly severe, he did deserve punishment; and the distress in which he was involved is a very impressive lesson as to the propriety of discouraging those excessive caresses and maudlin manifestations of affection which several of the habits of the day, and especially the ethereal sentimentality of many most popular novelists, unfortunately encourage. Children ought not to be made into toys, and it is not only foolish and nasty, but very dangerous, to forget this. Mr. Hatch's resignation of his appointment and fear to face investigation only show that he was neither a wise nor a courageous man. It is a fact which every one likely to act in any judicial capacity ought to remember, that to face accusations of this sort boldly is too great an effort for ordinary men. The horror and confusion of mind which they produce are such, that the first impulse of almost every one—an impulse, too, which is usually followed—is to adopt any course which appears to hold out the prospect that exposure may be avoided; and though no folly can be more fatal or more suicidal, it is highly important that its existence should be recognised, in order that such catastrophes as the present may be rendered as uncommon as possible.

The other cause which would seem to have contributed to Mr. Hatch's conviction is of far greater general importance. It was that his counsel, Serjeant Ballantine, refused to call his witnesses. It is universally admitted that the discretion of calling witnesses or leaving them uncalled is within the province of counsel, and hardly any unprofessional observer can tell how arduous and how painful a responsibility this discretion involves. The reason why counsel are reluctant to call witnesses if they can avoid it is, that by doing so they give the opposite side the right to reply; and if they have a bad opinion of their own case, or a strong opinion of the weakness of the case for the prosecution, they are very unwilling to lose the advantage of having the last word. Probably they rather overrate the importance of the speeches which they address to the jury. A jurymen is always more affected by evidence than by argument, and it is obviously right and desirable that this should be so. The practical conclusion from cases like Mr. Hatch's would seem to be, that witnesses ought to be called, if their evidence, supposing it to be true, would clear the prisoner. It is no part of the advocate's duty to get a man off in spite of himself, or to defend a man as if he were really guilty merely because, in his (the advocate's) judgment, he is so. The client ought to determine on the line of defence—the counsel ought to put it in the best shape. Of course this does not apply to the case of evidence which, if true, is consistent with the prisoner's guilt, as in the common case of an irrelevant *alibi*. Counsel who refuse to call such witnesses are quite right.

The bearing of Mr. Hatch's case on the question of criminal appeals is a curious one. Under the very peculiar circumstances of his case, he was able to establish his innocence by a collateral proceeding, but it might easily have been otherwise. Mr. Hatch might have been entitled to an acquittal for the assault, and Eugenia Plummer might have been entitled to an acquittal for the perjury; for the evidence might have been such as to leave the whole matter in doubt, and in that case each party, as against the Crown, would have been entitled to the benefit of the doubt. Indeed, it is extremely questionable whether, if Mr. Hatch's fate had not depended on the second trial, a verdict of guilty could have been obtained; and if Eugenia Plummer really was convicted in order that Mr. Hatch might be pardoned, there can be no question that she is the victim of gross injustice. Mr. Hatch's case, therefore, does not meet the point of the arguments urged in favour of some provision for criminal appeals, whilst it proves that innocent men are sometimes convicted. We expressed at length our own views of the course which ought to be adopted on a recent occasion. Our proposition was that the Home Office should have the power of causing to be decided, judicially and in open court, questions which it now decides informally and with closed doors. If the Home Secretary could remit such cases as he thought fit to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, who might hear evidence and counsel upon such points as they thought material,

gross and lamentable occasional scandals would be prevented, and no risk of reopening every case, and of setting one jury against another, would be incurred. The only consequence would be, that what is now done secretly, and not in a very satisfactory manner, would be done openly, and as well as the ablest minds in the country could do it.

A FIERCE DEMOCRACY.

IS there or is there not such a thing as popular enthusiasm? It is urged by the opponents of the Reform Bill that no strong feeling has been manifested in favour of it, and the supporters of the measure feebly answer that in the North just now everybody is so busy money-making that there really is not time to attend properly to the defects of the Constitution. Still, there have been here and there speeches addressed to public meetings; and one party has pretended that these were strong and spontaneous movements, while the other has described them as the working of a regulated small machine. Amid the perplexities with which the inquirer is thus beset, it is a relief to get under our own eyes in London what is called by those who organized it, "a great demonstration" upon the Paper Duty Bill, at St. Martin's Hall, so that we can ascertain by actual inspection what are the real dimensions of an event which will probably be described by rival parties in terms entirely contradictory. Now we venture to say, upon the authority of actual observation, that the so-called "great demonstration" was a very poor and insignificant affair. "The attempt to subvert the long-established privilege of the people to be taxed through their representatives alone, appeared to have occasioned an extraordinary excitement." We quote this from the *Morning Star*. Our own preliminary paragraph to a report of the meeting on Tuesday evening would run thus:—"The attempt to obtain good places to hear Mr. Bright speak, on this his first appearance for several years on a London platform, occasioned an early attendance and some hurry on entering the hall." We are satisfied that the whole end and object of the great body of the assembly was to hear Mr. Bright speak. Mr. Bright is acknowledged by his bitterest foes to have few equals in the House of Commons in the gift of simple and nervous speech, and in the unrestrained oratory of the platform he stands without a rival. Now Mr. Bright spoke, not unusually well, but still he spoke, for upwards of an hour, and the seats were not more uncomfortable than in a theatre, and the admission was gratuitous. It is no very high compliment to Mr. Bright to say that he is capable of speaking upon any subject that has occupied his thoughts, so that listening to him for an hour is likely to prove quite as entertaining as any average performance of equal duration at a theatre. There was in fact the prospect offered at St. Martin's Hall of an hour's tolerable amusement gratis; and whatever distant imitation of excitement may have been exhibited around and within the doors might, we are quite sure, be equalled by the pit and gallery of the Victoria Theatre with a very ordinary bill of the play. In truth, the people came to hear Mr. Bright speak, and for nothing else. If they had cared about the taxes on knowledge, or the shackled press, or the tortured paper-trade, or the threatened usurpation of the House of Lords, they would have listened to Mr. Washington Wilks when, with many frantic gestures, he endeavoured to discourse upon these great topics. But nine-tenths of the assembly were climbing eagerly over the benches to get out, and the other tenth, who wished to pass the resolutions, but not to hear dull speeches in support of them, gently interjected "Time." And yet this was the scene which the *Morning Star* calls an exhibition of "the most earnest enthusiasm in behalf of the cause they had assembled to support." If there were any enthusiasm that deserved to be called earnest, the object of it was to induce Mr. Washington Wilks to resume his seat.

We do hope that the peerage takes in the *Morning Star*, for, if not, that illustrious order may never know, until too late, how near it may be approaching to annihilation. It is, so far as it goes, satisfactory to know that a deputation which waited last year upon Lord Derby upon the subject of the paper-duties took the opportunity of handing to his Lordship a bundle of penny newspapers, in order that he might satisfy himself by reading them of the high and pure character maintained by the cheap press. One of the resolutions adopted in St. Martin's Hall threatened Lord Derby with another deputation, carrying an address, and, we suppose, a further supply of the same elevated literature. We hope it will appear that he has attentively read the first lot. If not, we suggest that, as a penance, he should set apart next Wednesday for a quiet day in his study over the second lot. But perhaps this sentence would be too severe. We have heard the address, and can conceive the speeches to which Lord Derby must listen without calling out "time," and we really think that the bundle of high-toned newspapers may be kept unread for at least a week. But still we must venture to urge upon the Conservative leader and his associates the importance of regularly taking in the *Morning Star*. Otherwise they may not happen to be informed in time that the days of an hereditary aristocracy are numbered. Mr. Serjeant Parry may thrice arouse the cheers of St. Martin's Hall by declaring the House of Peers "a clear anomaly," and yet that House night after night may go on adjourning placidly a

little before dinner time. In St. Martin's Hall, indeed, where the learned Serjeant calls the offending House an "anomaly," the effect upon the hearers is equal to that produced by O'Connell when, as the climax of a slanging match, he saluted a low-tongued fish-wife as an "hypothese." But big words may echo through St. Martin's Hall, and yet no sound be heard at Westminster. Meantime hereditary legislators will think that if their days are numbered, the lease is at any rate a long one, and they will obstinately refuse to dedicate a small portion of their remaining time to the perusal of those cheap newspapers in which, if they were wise, they might read the signs of the impending downfall of their haughty order. The notion of a peer which prevails in St. Martin's Hall is like the notion of Queen Victoria entertained by the American companions of Martin Chuzzlewit. That "young creature," in her "luxurious location in the Tower of London," did not tremble more over a particular newspaper than does the House of Lords quake with fear of the appalling consequences of an increase in the number, and an improvement in the prospects, of the penny journals. Of course, if a noble lord is liable to be visited by a deputation which will insist on leaving for his perusal during Epsom week a bundle of these publications, the terror which he may entertain of an increase in the activity of the publishers will be quite natural. But to suppose that the House of Lords is seriously alarmed at the growth of the cheap press, and that the votes of many of its members will be given next week with the hope of interrupting that growth, is one of the most ridiculous delusions that ever were propagated from a platform. The speakers at "large and influential meetings" tell the penny press that it is a god, and that the aristocracy believes it to be the devil. Both assertions are felt to be complimentary, and both happen to be equally untrue. The majority of the peers probably consider that penny journals will not do much harm nor any good, and the question of the excise duty upon paper will be treated upon entirely different grounds. But the current belief in St. Martin's Hall is that the cheap press is the most powerful instrument of education—not of information merely, but of education. It is more powerful, that is, than books, schoolmasters, and canes combined; and this powerful instrument the House of Lords wishes to destroy. Lord Derby is accused of seeking to limit the supply of the "raw material of education"—which means, not, as might be thought, canes and birch rods, but books and newspapers. The people is struggling towards the light, and the peers thrust it back into the darkness. The cup is raised to the lips of the thirsting people, and the peers dash it to the ground. Such are the audacious exaggerations in which these agitators delight. And then there is the papermaker—whom we had conceived, at least before these troubled times, as a sleek and thriving man—described as stretched upon the rack by the excise. The gentleman who used this bold figure went on to explain that when the exciseman has done his day's work in a paper-mill he draws a red-ink line in his book, and no more paper can then be charged with duty until the next day. It once happened that a penny journal wanted a supply of paper late in the evening, and could not get it, and so certain readers went without their copies. Perhaps it was the disappointment of not being offered a copy of the *Morning Star* by a little boy on the way to business that was meant to be described under the formidable metaphor of the rack. But if the managers of that journal will contrive to keep rather a larger stock of paper, we think that the "iron hand" of the excise need not be dreaded by their subscribers.

Of course we do not deny that a certain languid interest was felt by the assembly at St. Martin's Hall in the questions agitated by the speakers. A certain degree of success may always be gained on such an occasion by asking, "What is the use of the House of Lords?" And by adding the usual clap-traps about progress and enlightenment, and civil and religious liberty, Mr. Bright may bid his audience stand up holdly for the rights for which their forefathers "contended," and when he grows a little warmer he will even use the un-quakerlike expression, "fought." A young gentleman in the body of the Hall may shake his fist in the chairman's face, of course, merely as an embellishment to his oratory, and may "express his inexpressible gratitude" to Mr. Bright for his noble speech. The young gentleman, by the way, who believed firmly in himself, was by far the most genuine feature in the whole proceeding, although he appears to have failed in attracting the notice of the reporters. But what a deplorable depth of humbug it is to talk of the cause for which Hampden died on the field and Sidney on the scaffold, and for which we Londoners of the middle-class will dare to go out on a rainy evening, and to inhale the disagreeable odour which arises from damp garments in a crowded hall, and to listen impatiently to several tiresome speakers, and to hold up our hands for a resolution. Truly, if this be "a great demonstration," we should need a very strong magnifying-glass to discern a small one.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND COMMON MORALS.

TWO—indeed three—occasions offered themselves on Tuesday night for Lord Palmerston to come out in the old familiar character of the British Minister. He had to defend two of our great national and characteristic sports, and he had to throw cold water on a piece of popular cant. To stand up for the Derby Day, and frankly to own that legislation ought to be postponed

to the more serious duties of Epsom races—to say a good word for Tom Sayers and the Ring—and to set down Lord Haddo on the nude, was a combination of lucky or unlucky duties to which the genial Premier was equal. To have to perform all these gallant deeds on a single evening must have taxed even Lord Palmerston; but he did his work well. For once he fully sustained the rollicking character which *Punch* is pleased to associate with the ruler of our destinies. We are not sure whether the lively Premier had the familiar twig in his mouth, or whether he spoke with his hands in the pockets of a stable-jacket; but Mr. Paull was quite right in suggesting that at last the “judicious bottle-holder” was in his element. The only thing to inquire is, What will Mrs. Grundy say? The “man of God” has had to say some things which will hardly find favour in the straitest coteries of the *T. P.*, and which will cause even greater disgust in this amiable circle. Lord Palmerston actually laughed at Lords Lovaine and Haddo, and had the courage to go out of his way to make the adjournment on the Derby Day a Government measure. It is of course for Lord Palmerston to reconcile all those jolly sayings and doings with his recent appointment of Bishop Wigram, notable for nothing but his “hostility to all public amusements, particularly to horse-racing.” But we dare say that the Evangelicals and the Premier understand each other. So long as they get the solid pudding, they are ready with a convenient dispensation for the lax and carnal views of their patron. It matters not what his personal opinion of racing and prize-fighting is, or what are his convictions on the study of the undraped female; the maker of bishops may be worldly-minded, but the appointments are not to be despised. The promoter of Messrs. Goode and Wigram has ministered to the saints in worldly things. Luther thought that a godly Elector might do a little in the way of polygamy, and the modern Calvinists can wink at the jovial dispenser of mitres and deaneries when it suits their interests.

For ourselves we have no scruples on the subject. We can swallow Lord Palmerston's manly talk on all these subjects without the slightest queasiness. The only wonder is that the occasion should have arisen for the necessity of vindicating common sense on these subjects. Lord Haddo seems to have but a single object in life. He is a man of one idea, and that such a delicate one that, like much of very superfine delicacy, it approaches the nasty. We will venture to say that much more harm is done by forcing the question of the female model before public attention and public comments than by leaving it alone. Of the tens of thousands who now know something about the subject, and of the fifties of thousands who will talk loosely about it, not one in ten would either have thought or talked about it at all had it not been for Lord Haddo. It is a case of *casta inceste*—very virtuous talk about an ugly subject, which leads to other than virtuous results. The highly-flavoured protests against indecency in the penny journals, and the pruriently pious homilies on the details of Divorce Court cases and police reports are not unlike Lord Haddo's most decent disquisitions on indecency. It is like gathering all the classical improprieties into the *sterquilinum* of a Delphin appendix; and a night with Haddo and a *soirée* with the ladies fair and free of the Haymarket, even though assembled together for tea and Bible, may have their moral dangers and difficulties. Moreover, Lord Haddo betrayed a remarkable proclivity to blundering even in an indefensible appeal. His complaint was that public money was given in the Government Schools of Art for hiring the naked female model. The fact turned out to be that in only one public school was the nude model employed at all. Lord Haddo's arguments were equally unfounded in fact, and, let us add, equally devoid of a real moral basis. His objection is to the “wholly unclothed” nudity. Now, to use Sir George Lewis's odd language, though we “have no special knowledge of the subject,” we believe it to be a fact that partially clothed models are infinitely more dangerous and more suggestive of all sorts of evil than those to which Lord Haddo objects. The difference between the two may be illustrated by the offensive photographs of the day, of women certainly not “wholly unclothed,” but in very full dress exhibiting their legs and manipulating their garters, which we see in every shop window, and the casts of the Greek Slave, or the Venus of the Medici, or the Venus of Milo. There can be no question that, in a moral aspect, “the wholly unclothed” does not settle the difficulty. A model partly dressed may be infinitely more indecent than pure nudity. It is not a fact that nudity is in itself suggestive of evil; and many very thoughtful persons believe that the present school of art, so approximating to what is called, in the language of art critics, pornographic, is actually owing to these foolish attempts at prohibiting the naked model. To be sure, Lord Haddo is not likely to be aware of this æsthetic and moral distinction. One who had the ignorant audacity to observe that “the greatest artists of ancient times did not pursue these studies” cannot be seriously dealt with on a question of art. He can know nothing of Grecian or of Italian art; and if Mr. Westmacott ever laid down the doctrine attributed to him by Lord Haddo, it accounts for the position which that indifferent sculptor holds in the profession which he does not adorn. On moral grounds we are bound to vindicate the honest study of the nude. The human form is that last, best effort of creation which Almighty God pronounced to be very good; and it is part of the wicked, subtle Manichæism of the day to pronounce that impure which is the crowning

handiwork of the Creator. It ought to be added, that if life schools, like schools of anatomy, have their dangers, it is better that they should be under public control. The contrast as regards the morality of the students of the Royal Academy and of private drawing classes, ought to settle the question.

We have argued the matter on its moral rather than its artistic bearings; but it is undeniable that this foolish oratory is telling on existing art. There is not an exhibition which does not prove how English art is suffering from declining a generous study of the living model. Art of a very high character is impossible without this study of facts. Even such artists as Mr. Millais and Mr. Holman Hunt have spoiled their best pictures by neglecting to make themselves acquainted with the divine facts of humanity. The really great artists have always sketched, or studied, their figures, however completely clothed, first of all in the skeleton and in the nude before they hung the drapery over them; and had Mr. Hunt done the same, he had not presented such bodiless, fleshless, boneless pegs for drapery as he gives us, instead of the human form divine. After all this, it is superfluous to convict Lord Haddo of inconsistency; but it might reasonably be urged that as his objection is to the “wholly undraped,” he is bound to point out the exact limit to which the partially-undraped female model may go without disturbing his notions of delicacy. Does his lordship, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, plead for the fig-leaf; or, with the famous Pope, does he intend to order a breeches-maker for the Farnese Hercules or the pictures of Michael Angelo?

Lord Lovaine reminds us of a certain Dr. Clarke, an American “minister,” who visited this country some years ago, and whose object was to see the religious lions. He had the good luck to go to Epsom, in order to pay a visit to a “Mr. Harris, author of *Mammon*,” and the day he selected for his visit “happened to be” the Derby Day, which gave Dr. Clarke the opportunity of seeing the race, visiting the betting booths, and hearing all the chaff of the course, as well as improving the occasion in a very edifying strain, happily compounded of the *Guide to the Turf* and *Baxter's Call*. Dr. Clarke's case is the only accidental visit to the haunts of the profane which can be compared with Lord Lovaine's personal acquaintance with prize-fighters. Lord Lovaine happened to be in the special train which took Messrs. Sayers and Heenan down the South-Eastern line on the occasion of the fight; so, like Dr. Clarke, he is entitled to describe the matter with the authority of an eye-witness. To be sure, he somewhat exaggerated the occasion; but it gave Lord Palmerston an opportunity of talking sense himself, and of giving occasion to more sense from other speakers. He showed that prize-fighting had two sides—that the alleged brutality and ferocity of the proceedings could not amount to much, and that on the whole the good and bad side of prize-fighting were so equally balanced that it was hardly worth invoking the terrors of the law in the matter. The subject is one which is best left to local discretion to deal with; prize-fighting ought not to be encouraged by special enactments; but it is a thing which the law can scarcely prevent, and the surveillance and difficulties under which it is placed will always prevent its becoming that gigantic nuisance which Lord Lovaine so signally failed in proving it to be.

THE NEW ARTILLERY.

THERE is reason to fear that the War Department may act with too much precipitation in adopting and arranging for the general use of the Armstrong gun. The public has heard so much of the merits of one invention, that others of perhaps equal or superior value are exposed to some danger of being disregarded. It is most important that no steps should be taken involving a heavy outlay, until careful experiments have supplied better means than now exist of determining upon what principle the re-armament of our ships and fortresses ought to proceed. The performances of Sir William Armstrong's guns are so vastly superior to those of the old artillery that it is difficult to keep steadily in mind the undoubted fact that the whole science of gunnery is as yet in a very imperfect state. Results may possibly be arrived at which will prove that there is a higher degree of excellence than that which the authorities seem disposed to consider as the highest. We may be sure that if this ~~country~~ does not avail itself to the utmost of the skill and ~~perseverance~~ of its own engineers, other nations will appropriate what we reject, and thus, after a vast expenditure and the excitement of the highest hopes, it may turn out that we are still behind the world, and in a moment of extreme pressure we may have to do all our work over again. It may perhaps be thought strange that the War Office should be charged with undue haste. In general, the complaints which have been urged against it have been very different. But there is a haste which is not speed, and which may be more fatal to military efficiency than the most tedious processes of routine. It need not take very long to perform a series of experiments which will settle several important practical questions as satisfactorily as can be expected without the trial of actual war. Such experiments ought to be forthwith instituted in the fullest and fairest manner, and with all the publicity that can be given to them; and the ascertained results ought to be acted upon promptly and vigorously, and without regard to the suggestions of a narrow and false economy, which might prove, if it were allowed to govern, the source of immeasurable humiliations and disasters.

It is necessary to give prominence to the fact that Mr. Whitworth claims to have attained results surpassing those for which Sir William Armstrong has become celebrated. At this moment, it would be premature to offer any opinion as to the grounds upon which this claim is rested; but it is the plain duty of the Government to use the utmost diligence and impartiality in the investigation of them. It would be lamentable if this inquiry should be delayed until the Armstrong guns have been manufactured in so large a quantity that a very heavy sacrifice would have to be incurred in retracing steps which may ultimately appear to have been erroneous. But we do not think it possible for the War Department to refuse or evade Mr. Whitworth's demand for a searching and public examination of his new artillery. He alleges, in the first place, that he can far exceed the Armstrong guns in range. Now it is a common error of the day to exaggerate the importance of mere range. It is difficult to conceive circumstances under which a ball can be discharged, for any practical purpose, to the distance of five and a half miles. But then it must be borne in mind that the gun which shoots farthest will also shoot best at distances within its extreme range, because it will reach those distances without requiring the same degree of elevation as must be given to guns of inferior power. With a gun requiring a high elevation it will be very difficult to hit a mark which, with a gun requiring a low elevation, it will be almost impossible to miss. It is admitted that the Whitworth rifle does possess in an eminent degree this quality of a low trajectory, and the same merit is claimed equally by the inventor for the Whitworth cannon. And again it is asserted that these new guns are an improvement upon their rivals in simplicity. "Whatever is complicated fails in producing good results in warfare." We have to thank the Emperor Napoleon for this golden maxim of the artillerist. Mr. Whitworth would probably apply it to the lead-coated projectiles and confined chambers of his opponent's guns, as compared with his own hard iron bolts and his guns rifled uniformly from breech to muzzle. It is the besetting sin of civil engineers to fancy that in military operations the combined resources of London, Birmingham, and Portsmouth can be made available at any moment. They are too apt to forget that in warlike implements simplicity and durability are more important than any other qualities. But Mr. Whitworth would say that he had kept this truth in mind. He asserts that his gun is simpler, and his shot more durable, than his rival's. He claims to have approached more nearly to the requirements of general active war. It might become necessary, in no very improbable event, to provide, at short notice, for the defence of British territories and shipping throughout the world. But how is it possible that this can be done? How long will it take to manufacture, on Sir William Armstrong's, or any other principle, new guns enough to mount wherever the British flag flies above a battery? And, if Sir William Armstrong be the artificer of all these guns, then each of the colonies must be supplied with a sufficient quantity of lead-coated projectiles, packed separately in boxes, and shipped "with care" to the Antipodes. No doubt, when all this is done, the Australian and the New Zealand colonist will repose in confidence under the shadows of the new guns. But how long will it take to do, and what is to become of the wealthy and defenceless colonist in the meantime? Probably, there are knocking about upon his shores a few barbarous old guns, and here and there a triangular pile of round cannon-balls ornaments some sea-side walk. With these he will have to make the best fight he can; and meantime, it may gratify his curiosity to see in some illustrated newspaper a series of drawings of the guns which the affectionate mother-country intends to send out to him so soon as she has supplied her own necessities in the war, or, at any rate, so soon as peace shall have been restored, and she is relieved from any immediate anxiety for the defence of her own coasts. But something should, if practicable, be done to give increased efficiency to existing stores of guns and shot which cannot speedily be replaced by new ones. Now we understand that the perfection to which Mr. Whitworth has brought artillery is to be attributed to the exquisite truth and finish of his workmanship, rather than to any essential superiority of his own over other plans of rifling gun-barrels and shaping projectiles. But if this be so, it seems to follow that by the application of Mr. Whitworth's machinery to iron and brass guns cast according to the old methods, a greatly improved range and accuracy of fire may be obtained, and thus some part, at least, of the efficiency of the new cannon may be quickly and cheaply given to the old. We should also suppose that spherical shot might be shaped hexagonally by an inexpensive process, so that, in default of new elongated projectiles, they might be fired with good effect from rifled guns. Mr. Whitworth has already been employed by Government in rifling guns of cast metal, which have subsequently performed feats, not equal certainly to what may be expected from the guns which he has himself constructed, but still far in advance of what the old guns were capable of in their unimproved state. It may be, at the present moment, doubtful upon what principle Government ought to proceed in manufacturing new guns, but there cannot be any hesitation as to the expediency of adapting the best part of our existing stock so that they may do, until they can be superseded, the most work that can be got out of them.

We do not now offer any decided opinion upon these pretensions of Mr. Whitworth. But there appears reason to believe that he has produced a gun which, in some important practical respects, is an advance upon Sir William Armstrong's. Possibly, it may

turn out that in other particulars the advantage is on the other side. But if this be so, let it be proved to be so, as may easily be done by a fair trial. And even if Mr. Whitworth should not be adjudged to have produced the best existing gun, it will probably appear, from a strict examination of his processes and results, that he has attained a height of skill and accuracy of workmanship which Government cannot prudently neglect to profit by. It would be a national misfortune if our most scientific and laborious engineers should be driven to accept at the hands of some foreign Government the honour and reward which they have vainly sought at home. Mr. Whitworth's reputation entitles him to have his inventions fairly tested in the most complete and public manner, before any irrevocable conclusion is adopted by the authorities in the grave matter of remodelling the artillery. It is vain to answer that Mr. Whitworth's guns and projectiles would be very costly. The nation will not grudge any money spent in obtaining real efficiency, but it will not easily forgive the blind outlay of large sums without any adequate previous consideration of the merits of competing plans.

SIR CHARLES BARRY.

THE death of Sir Charles Barry, at a moment when he appeared in the full enjoyment of life and intellect, is a severe public, no less than an artistic loss. We are glad to learn that his claims as one of the worthies of the age are to be recognised by a public funeral and a resting-place beneath the vault of Westminster Abbey. Full records of the life of this distinguished architect will, we doubt not, soon be ready; but, in the meanwhile, we desire to offer our estimate of his character and performances in the heyday of his professional success. As the newspapers have told us, Sir Charles Barry died in his sixty-fifth year. In his early life—those being the literary days of

The travelled Thane, Athenian Aberdeen—

he visited Greece and Egypt, and in due time found fame and employment at a somewhat interesting crisis of our architectural history. The pure Greek school of the early days of our century—a school fostered by the political impediments of the first French Empire, which drove our wealthy travellers to make their grand tour in the Levant—had begun insensibly to unbend into a hardly yet acknowledged eclecticism, the nurse of the Gothic Renaissance. Savage's mediæval church at Chelsea not undeservedly attracted much attention and favour. John Britton was in the full ebullition of his manifold publications. Mr. Tite, then a young man, assured his position by the twin towers of his Scotch Church in Regent's-square. Thomas Hope, the *par excellence* Grecian of some years before, had been quietly working out in his study that brilliant sketch of the origin of Romanesque and Gothic architecture which has been, since its posthumous publication, a text-book for twenty-five years. Professor Wilkins was actually employed in adding Gothic courts to the old Colleges of Cambridge, while slowly raising the fragmentary peristyles of Downing. All this while, the compact phalanx of the rigid classical and Italianizing architects looked solemnly askance at these manifestations of a new spirit, so rebellious against academic precedent. What wonder that Barry, who honestly avowed himself an eclectic down to the last hour of his life, should have, on the one side, powerfully aided that Gothic movement which had not yet put out its full strength, and, on the other, have given to Italian (for he was too practical to attempt to acclimatise Grecian) some of its most graceful modern successes. The church at Brighton and the school at Birmingham proved how much of dignity there was in the old architecture of England, even as practised in what we should now term days of infancy and darkness; while the Travellers' Club will always be quoted as a triumph of simple elegance, arising neither from size nor ornament, but from a just and beautiful proportion. An accident then placed such an opportunity in Sir Charles Barry's hands as no architect ever had since a similar disaster gave to Wren the rebuilding of St. Paul's, and of the whole city. The Exchequer tallies being over-heated destroyed the Houses of Parliament, and this led to the great competition in which Barry was triumphant. Thenceforward, his public life was identified with the slow uprearing of that gigantic pile on the banks of the Thames.

It is undeniable that Sir Charles Barry has not been for many years popular with officials; but we are not inclined to think the worse of him on that account. He was through life a man of large and expansive ideas, and of resolute determination to carry out those ideas; and, as might be supposed, he was continually in collision alike with the red-tape victims and the economic bullies of supply-nights. Season after season, accordingly, a raid at Sir Charles Barry was a sure card for a little cheap popularity in the House of Commons. The cost had run up from hundreds of thousands, in 1835, to millions in about a quarter of a century; and the accommodation in the House of Commons was not sufficient for the members. There was, unfortunately, too much foundation for the second of these charges. Sir Charles had committed errors of calculation, of which his enemies were not slow to make the most. But the whole framework of vituperation built upon the excess of the expenditure over the estimate was one for which, in fairness, the architect could not be personally blamed, and which came most ungenerously from the mouths of that assembly which had been all along participators in the outlay, and

in the means of its being contracted. When the competition for the Houses of Parliament was started, in 1834, the course courageously adopted by Sir Robert Peel—then, happily, for a short time Minister—was taken very much in the dark. Our architects, just weaned from their classic enthusiasm, were called upon at very short notice to furnish designs, not in "Gothic," as is commonly supposed, but in "Tudor or Elizabethan"—that is, either in the most costly and least satisfactory form of Gothic, or in the style transitional between Gothic and Renaissance. Out of those competitors Barry was, in the opinion alike of judges and of the public, *facile princeps*; and yet his prize design, in its first conception, embodied a great mistake—the adaptation of Tudor forms to an Italian mass. Time rolled on, and the great Gothic Renaissance came into existence, owing in a great degree to this very competition. Barry was not the man to cling to an inferior and antiquated design from false shame or blindness to the movement of the age. The world was learning its lesson, and he condescended over that lesson with the world. The original characteristics of the Tudor variety of Gothic, as understood in 1834, could not be eliminated. The critic is still pained by the superfluity of labour expended in the vast repetition of costly, but shallow, surface ornamentation, and the long sweep of monotonous internal groining. But the flat, tame sky-line has disappeared—the lofty steeples, steep roof, and bold metallic cresting, mark and vary the outline. In the meanwhile, too, a more general and a purer taste for painting had possessed the public mind, and the International Competitive Exhibition of Cartoons in Westminster Hall was evoked to furnish men and subjects for the decoration of the "Palace of Westminster." This development of his idea stimulated the architect to renewed exertions; while, to add to the calls upon the national purse, the varied resources of Gothic art in its subsidiary branches—wood-carving, glass-painting, metal work, enamelled tiles, and so forth—fostered by Pugin's genius and enthusiasm, became successively known and fashionable, and for the display of each of them on the grandest scale the Legislative Palace presented of course the appropriate field. Then came the ventilation episode, when Sir Charles Barry, with so much spirit, refused to act as whipping boy to an audacious empiric. Over the miserable dispute as to the national remuneration due to the man who had given the best years of his life to the perfection of that noble and gigantic pile, we draw a veil. Now that Barry is removed from the conflict, the world may cheaply afford to be just, and to own that, with all the shortcomings which just critical taste or captious antagonism can find in the details or the mass of the work—in spite of the disadvantage of the primary idea of the style in which it was built having been revolutionized in the course of its progress—yet the Palace of Westminster stands alone and matchless in Europe among the architectural monuments of this busy age. From the border of the Thames, from St. James's Park or Waterloo-place, from Piccadilly, or the bridge across the Serpentine, the spectacle of that large square tower, of the central needle, and far away of the more fantastic *Beffroi*—all grouping at every step in some different combination—stamp the whole building as the massive conception of a master mind.

We shall not lengthen this notice by recapitulating the other works which Sir Charles Barry has created in later years. We will simply commemorate the fact that it was he who recast the Treasury, and that the Royal Academy was looking to him to design its new abode. He will live to posterity identified with the Palace of Westminster, and in the aspect of its creator we prefer to regard him. *Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit*—his kindness of heart, his hearty humour, his strong good sense, his ready resources, conciliated to him the regard and respect of honest and impartial men. His help and his advice were always ready when lesser men would have screened their refusal under the plea of professional etiquette; and, up to the very moment of his decease, his active mind was deeply engaged in a generous and gratuitous labour of love—advising in that most important undertaking, the restoration of the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral. Indeed, his death at this time, when he was gradually retiring from the more active pursuit of his profession, was, in one respect, as great a loss as if he had been carried off in the height of his more youthful labours. At a moment when the battle of the styles is running the risk of creating an *odium architectonicum*—and when the pernicious heresy is blossoming in influential quarters, that the dignity, the ornament, and the convenience of a metropolis are no concern of a great nation and an Imperial Legislature—we cannot well afford to miss the man who, from his position, talents, and age, could speak upon architectural questions with somewhat of the authority of a Nestor.

THE MODERN ROUNDHEADS.

ONE of the most curious peculiarities of the present moment is the gradual extinction—chiefly by suicide—of all eccentric deviators from the general march of opinion. Mr. Mill's forebodings of the generation in which he lives must be growing gloomier and gloomier. The intellectual stragglers on whose irrepressible individuality he founds his hopes of social progress are becoming rarer day by day. We seem to be entering upon an era of intellectual repose—the resultant of an equilibrium in each man's mind of all the conflicting manias that have hitherto vexed the world. Every enthusiasm is being cast down, every crooked crotchet is being made straight, and all inequalities are

disappearing in a general level of indolent common sense. Nine years ago society was adorned by a picturesque variety of opinion. Men were keen Protectionists or Free-traders, Democrats or Tories, and were ready to stand by the old opinions at any hazard, or to carry out the new ones to the utmost limit without compromise or delay. The same energetic antagonism prevailed in questions of religion. One large portion of the Church was enthusiastically straining to push a revived ritualism to the utmost limits of the existing law, and sometimes a little beyond them; while there was a still larger party eager to cast the others out of the Church, and to renew the persecuting laws against the Roman Catholics. A very short interval has elapsed, and already these vehement opinions seem to have passed away, or are only to be traced in the persons of a few indurated and unchangeable enthusiasts, who remain like fossils to attest that such forms of enthusiasm have existed. The extreme views have beaten themselves to pieces in the extravagant efforts and performances of their principal professors. They have supplied a constant succession of Helots, from whose drunken antics society has learned. The most ardent admiration of democracy, the most frantic appreciation of chasubles, will hardly survive a lengthened contemplation of Mr. Bright and Mr. Bryan King.

The least deserving, and yet the most long-lived of all these extravagances, has been the Puritanism of which Lord Shaftesbury is the chosen representative. We may be over-sanguine, but we think we can discern that it too is going to follow the suicidal example of its competitors, and to perform the "happy despatch" with all the gracefulness of a Japanese statesman. Some of the late proceedings of its professors are indicating a pedigree which, if it be properly established, will go far to deprive them of whatever popular sympathy they have enjoyed. As long as they abused priestcraft, patronized the Reformers, told racy stories about confession, and resisted that love of fancy dress which at one time possessed a minute section of the clergy, they could count on the support of numbers whose views on Justification and Sabbath-keeping were of the laxest kind. But, intoxicated by various successes, they are proceeding to develop the positive as well as the negative side of their system, and are betraying the fact that, if their pedigree can be traced to the Reformers, it undoubtedly passes through the Roundheads. Like other revolutionists, they are beginning to find that upsetting is a good deal easier than setting up. The allies who were hearty enough in giving chase to a luckless ritualist become terribly lukewarm when they are asked to enforce the gloomy ethics of the snuffing school. Consequently, the modern Roundheads are beginning to experience reverses. Whether Lord Shaftesbury's cool attempt to take a hint from Laud, and set up a Court of High Commission, will or will not result in a reverse, we cannot, of course, absolutely predict. But recent divisions show that even the House of Commons is beginning to tire of their rule. Sabbatarianism is their great shibboleth. Two or three years ago they were able to collect the oddest medley of supporters for their favourite austerity. Beggars from Tattersalls, hunters from Leicestershire, fast elder sons, "buttresses, but not pillars of the Church"—politicians who use Sunday for maturing their intrigues, lawyers who use it for over-taking their arrears—all streamed into one lobby to express their horror of the profanation of a Sabbatical visit to the Museum. A similar question was tried again on Monday night, and the difference of the result enables us to gauge the diminished pressure of the Puritanic forces. The question was very much the same. Mr. Baines, on behalf of the Dissenters, proposed to close the refreshment houses during the whole of Sunday. Now the refreshment-houses, unless they take out a public-house license, are only likely to be the resort of the quieter sort of people. Those who drink that they may get drunk will naturally prefer to do it at the public-house, where the science of rapid intoxication is thoroughly understood. But the holiday-maker, who, whatever the piety of his inclinations, must eat and drink in the course of a hot afternoon, is the only customer the refreshment-sellers are likely to entice. They will hardly attempt a competition with the gin-shops, inasmuch as, for the purposes of sheer swilling, wine, however strong, will never have a chance against gin. Both classes are to be seen abundantly on Sundays. There is the drunkard with overflowing pot-house accommodation, and the sober holiday-maker, drearily striving to make his heart merry on ginger-pop. Of the two classes, Mr. Baines obviously thinks that the decent Sabbath-breaker is the worst. He proposes no Sunday Beer Bill, no English Forbes Mackenzie Act. Having before him the choice whether he would coerce the man bent on innocent amusement or the man bent on beastly excess, he deliberately asked the House of Commons to select the former for attack. Of course he was very anxious to keep Sunday as a day of rest for the people; but to pass a day in the country, away from the haunts of daily toil and the turmoil of a dense population, is not his idea of rest. He has his own peculiar definition of rest. It consists, in his view, in passing six hours in a close chapel, listening to extempore prayers and sermons, and reading books of theology for the other six. As the debate was of a very sermonlike character, the House had an ample opportunity of testing by its own experience the probable enjoyment attendant on a day devoted to the digestion of that species of composition. It had not only the pleasure of hearing Mr. Baines and Mr. Ball, who are professionals, but also Mr. Spooner, who is a not unsuccessful amateur. But under this infliction of pulpit eloquence the Commons

had a remedy which is denied to those who suffer from it in its more appropriate sphere. They could cry "Divide, divide," as soon as they were tired—which they did very liberally and very soon. Mr. Baines must have keenly felt the inferiority of the Parliamentary arrangement. How vengefully he must have wished that he had those impatient listeners sitting under him for two hours in the pews of his own submissive Ebenezer! Whether it was in consequence, or in spite, of the solemn warnings they had received, it is difficult to say; but a large majority came to the heretical conclusion that it is not wrong to eat and drink on Sundays.

Having thus sanctioned Sabbatical nutrition, the House proceeded on the following night to fill up the measure of its guilt by sanctioning a love of art. In vain Mr. Spooner solemnly warned them—they would not be warned, and would cry "divide." Arguing, no doubt, from the emotions with which he was most familiar, he insisted on the impossibility of men studying objects of art in a merely artistic spirit; and implored the House with great solemnity not to add this to the many national sins which, in spite of all he could do, it was constantly committing. It may be questioned whether the House laughed more at Lord Palmerston who tried to make them laugh, or at Mr. Spooner who tried to make them tremble. It was a great occasion for the Premier, who confines his Puritanism entirely to Church appointments; and he did not allow any immoderate prudery to shackle his airy wit. But he put the refutation of Lord Haddo's proposal into its most conclusive form when he asked him if he was prepared to confine his objection to models "wholly unclothed." A Kafir's notion of the *ne plus ultra* of fashionable attire is satisfied by a cocked hat and a pair of spurs; and in Nubia we are told that a pat of butter on the head is accepted as full dress. Lord Haddo's alarms would scarcely be allayed by models clothed in this fashion. He will find it a very disagreeable task to draw up his definition—especially as it will be necessary for him, if he would make a really conscientious selection, to inspect a series of models in various gradations of attire. And even if he succeeds in satisfying himself, it by no means follows that he will satisfy his friends. One of his disciples a short time ago lifted up his voice against the indecency of Balmorals, and protested that a gown could hardly be considered any protection to the susceptibility of male morality, unless it was distended by a hoop. Mr. Rochdale Clarke even went so far as to declare himself scandalized by the naked legs of the statues in the Crystal Palace. It will be very difficult to arrive at a settlement, if the requirements of decency are to depend on the varying inflammability of accepted professors.

THE PUBLICANS' FESTIVAL.

IT is not till the curtain falls that we can fully appreciate the hero of the tragedy; for each stage of his career brings to light some unsuspected phase of character, every strange vicissitude opens up a wider field for virtuous development, each new emergency is the signal for a fresh resource. In the same way, we must look long and examine carefully if we hope to realize the moral significance of a licensed victualler. We approach him with a certain awe. Just now he is a prominent figure on the stage of public affairs, and he claims at any rate to be no longer so grossly misunderstood as has heretofore been his lot. The course of politics has hurried him from that sequestered tranquillity in which his modesty loved to lurk—he is no longer allowed to do good by stealth and blush to find it fame. A sense of duty bids him disclose his efforts for the amelioration of his species; and we have seen him hand in hand with the benevolent teetotaler, making a bold protest against the decrees of an iniquitous Legislature and the impending degeneracy of a virtuous age. At last we begin to understand how unfairly he has been treated. Was ever mortal the victim of so much calumnious misrepresentation? Was ever country so deluded by criminal statistics, and judicial homilies on the dangers of the tap-room? Father Mathew was a mere fanatic when he cajoled his countrymen into the abandonment of whisky toddy; Mr. Gough's orations will henceforward be delivered to empty benches amid the echoing solitudes of Exeter Hall. The real publicans, as painted by themselves, present a spectacle which no philanthropist can contemplate without emotion. They are to modern society what the monks of old were to past generations—a saintly crew, but still not impervious to the attractions of a refined conviviality. As they preside over their happy guests, and watch the mantling bliss go round their hospitable board, their thoughts are wandering far away amid the sublime topics which may fitly occupy the philosopher and the moralist. A generous optimism renders them pleasingly credulous as to the indefinite improvement of the human family. In the full flush of alcoholic enthusiasm they scale one speculative height after another, and their wide scope of vision embraces spiritual agencies in either sense of the term. The trembling hands and livid features are owing of course to nothing but a suppressed religious sensibility, while, with the versatility characteristic of true genius, they range from porter to piety, and revel now in the disquisitions of Thomas a Kempis, now in the more material enjoyments of "Old Tom."

Last Tuesday there was a grand banquet at the Crystal Palace in honour of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, and the

occasion seems to have called out in a very attractive manner the varied capacities of this interesting class. A rhapsodical intensity characterized the proceedings from first to last. Orator succeeded to orator; one noble expression was echoed by another; reports were read, subscriptions announced, and compliments exchanged, till the assembled publicans must fairly have lost their heads, and found themselves translated to the seventh heaven of inebriate sentimentality. A new chapter in their history is opened before us. Hitherto we have seen them basking in the sunshine of well-merited prosperity; the fifty or sixty millions which these philanthropists employ in the assiduous cultivation of the social graces, are known to produce other results, which, from a financial point of view, are eminently satisfactory. But even the public-house and the gin palace are not, it seems, exempt from the universal lot of a suffering race—even licensed victuallers, though the discipline might have seemed superfluous, have to pass through the stern discipline of occasional adversity. They do not repine, but they prepare with Christian fortitude against the rainy day. Even when they fall, they have the satisfaction of knowing that they serve a moral purpose—they feel a melancholy pleasure that the casualties of their own career should "testify to the uncertainty of all human affairs." But resignation is not incompatible with prudence; and even in the climax of success the cautious publican is mindful of his latter end, and keeps his eye on the possibility of finding refuge for his declining years within the walls of the asylum, and thus, if we may borrow the expressive language of a feeling contemporary, being "enabled to glide down the stream of life in comparative rest and quiet." In the course of the evening the chaplain of the institution read a report, in which these prudential considerations are taken advantage of with the most admirable ingenuity. A dilemma is "respectfully submitted" by the Board, upon one or other of the horns of which no right-minded Victualler could object to impaling himself. The prosperous subscriber is reminded that "if his successful career continue through life, he will have the pleasure of reflecting that he has done essential good for others who have been less fortunate than himself." If, on the other hand, "in the ebb and flow of life, in the vicissitudes of all human affairs," calamity should dog his steps—if a defaulting pot-boy should make a too successful raid upon the cash-box—if the iniquitous attractions of a refreshment-room should substitute the unhallowed streams of Burgundy and Bordeaux for the legitimate beverage of true-born Britons—should customers become scarce, and sorrows many—then the victim of misfortune will find that he has "by his subscriptions entitled himself to become a candidate for admission into the Institution, and so reap, as many present inmates have done, the advantage which their contributions were designed to give toward the relief of others." What the chaplain may think of the theological worth of such interested benevolence as this, it is not for us to conjecture; but we cannot but condole with him upon the necessity of acting as mouthpiece for some of the sentiments contained elsewhere in the Report, which seem scarcely worthy either of the dignity of his own position, or the intelligence of the gentlemen over whose spiritual interests he has to watch. For instance, though every phase of insolvency deserves our commiseration, it seems rather too much to describe "sympathy with the unsuccessful brethren of the trade of licensed victuallers" as "one of the best of Christian feelings;" and it must have clashed rather distressingly with some generally-accepted doctrines as to the propriety of giving alms in secret, to have to announce that the Board felt themselves unable to "retain within their breasts the fact" that the last time their Chairman had visited the Asylum his noble impulses had driven him into the extravagance of presenting every inmate with one shilling—"a generosity which entailed on his firm an obligation approaching a sum of 10*l*." Nor, again, can it have been altogether gratifying to the moralist to be obliged to attribute the success of the Festival, not so much to the spontaneous good-feeling of the guests as to the "indirect, but still highly attractive fact" of its celebration at the Crystal Palace—a retreat, the Report goes on to say, of which our beloved Sovereign and her illustrious Consort have been graciously pleased to express their approbation. Not to do injustice, however, to the motives of the assembled philanthropists, three subsidiary reasons for their attendance are afterwards produced. First, "the uncontradictable claims the Society makes for support on every well-regulated mind;" next, "the activity of the stewards to make those claims known east and west, north and south, throughout the land;" and, last, the distinguished presidency of no less a person than Mr. James Watney, jun., "of the well-known and much-respected firm of Messrs. Elliot, Watney, and Company, brewers, Pimlico." Thus, it will be seen, the gentle promptings of sympathy, the charms of local scenery, and the imposing associations of lofty names, conspired to throw a halo of glory around the proceedings of the day. But there were other elements of success. Not the tender emotions only, but the more masculine virtues found due representation. Among the fourteen hundred visitors who crowded around the well-stored tables, was to be seen the redoubtable visage of the Champion of England. Tom Sayers must, we think, have considered himself in a sort of mundane Elysium. To be the observed of all observers amid so congenial an assembly—to find himself the cynosure of the expectant eyes of thirteen-hundred-and-ninety-nine licensed victuallers—to have whole galleries of "ladies in the trade" paying

that tribute to valour which female loveliness can best bestow—all this must have thrown his tap-room triumphs and Stock Exchange ovations into the shade, and have made him feel that even for a man who has filled three columns of the *Times* there may remain fresh laurels to be gathered and higher pinnacles of glory to be scaled.

But at the brightest banquets the skeleton is too apt to take its seat among the guests. Nor were the revellers at the Crystal Palace spared that unwelcome visitant. The dark presence of care made itself felt amidst all the festivities of the moment. "Medio de fonte leporum, surgit amari aliquid"—even in the midst of their rejoicings the landlords turn a mournful eye upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his hateful measure. Perhaps it was well that they should be reminded that they were but men, and that unalloyed bliss is among the privileges of another world. Unfortunately the Legislature was represented on this occasion by a single member, or we might have hoped that thoughtless politicians might yet have paused to listen to the pathetic language in which the representative of the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society denounced "what they all felt to be one of the most ungracious measures ever introduced into Parliament against the interests of a large portion of the community." Perfidy, it appears, has added gall to the cup which was already sufficiently bitter. Many so-called friends had been false to their word, and swelled the majority which carried the Wine-Licenses Bill through its second reading. Still the Protection Society is not without its encouragements, and goes about its task with a truly missionary spirit. "The feeling displayed throughout the country has been most gratifying;" "their brethren in Ireland" have helped in the good work; "a small committee in Whitechapel" has been conspicuously energetic. Meanwhile it is a relief to know that, come what may, a licensed victualler is never without a last resource. The angry waves of distress, the chill blast of adverse legislation, will but carry him the sooner to a safe retreat in the asylum to which he has so often aspired and so regularly subscribed. From thence he will look out upon the tempests which rock mankind; within all will be peace; he will contemplate with satisfaction the retrospect of an existence spent in the cause of humanity—he will

Review the past, and in the long survey
See not one hour he could wish away.

Fancy will recall each well-loved scene of chastened merriment. The grateful fumes of tobacco and brandy will still linger on his recollection; a long vista of tipsy customers, trembling wives, and starved children will stretch away into the golden past; the unctuous pietism of his favourite journal will offer every encouragement for the future; and the happy publican will sink at last into an honoured tomb, resignation his prevailing sentiment, a strict morality his one aspiration, and "Beer" the last sound that trembles on his lips.

THE CENSUS OF 1861.

WHY David especially sinned in numbering the people is a matter which the commentators on Scripture have not made very clear. If his motive was a vainglorious one, and therefore deserved such severe punishment as he received, it may be doubted whether any Census is conducted for any other object than the satisfaction of registering national improvement. We hardly see how taking the national stock, or writing up the accounts of the people in the annual statement of the Revenue, or registering the decennial statistics of the land, should be a matter offensive to God; but this much is certain—that, as in the parallel case of the Jewish economy, the sins of the rulers are visited on the people. If Governments go wrong, the people pay, the bill; and a long bill of wrangling, heart-burning, jealousy, and contradiction the Census seems to involve. And the worst of it is, the national judgment is chronic. We seem to occupy the exact period of ten years which intervenes between each Census in squabbling over the results of the last national enumeration, and in fighting over the prospects of the next; so that it comes to this—that we are always to live in statistical hot-water. The fact is, that people want to get more out of the Census than it will reasonably bear. Statisticians, speaking generally, may be set down as a class who spend their own, and would gladly spend everybody's time, in the unprofitable, if pleasant, work of poking their noses into other people's business; and the Census affords a noble opportunity for trotting out the hobby of tables and averages. Unless we are on our guard, life itself will be too short to gratify the much-inquiring curiosity of Mr. George Graham and Mr. Horace Mann. The Registrar-General, that universal note of interrogation—that perpetual *Quere*—will, unless checked, make the next Census a greater nuisance than the last. Already that unslaked and unslakeable thirst after useless knowledge which prompts Parliament men to ask for Returns equalling in value the number of steps taken by the flea on which Aristophanes enlarges, is eager for its appropriate gratification. The religious statistics, and the educational statistics—which, as it turns out, were collected for no other useful purpose than to be the subject-matter of a perpetual controversial seton—are, it is said, this year to be supplemented by agricultural statistics. Doubtless physiological statistics will come next, and we shall not be thought, by the gentlemen of Somerset House, to have done our duty in our generation unless, in 1861, we are registered, not only as to our ages, names, religion, and proficiency in reading, writing and

arithmetic, but in every conceivable variety of exhaustive and cross division of which the human animal is capable. The colour of the hair, and the number of teeth, sound or decayed, at various ages—the statistics of baldness, and the relative proportions of the tint of the eyes—the number of those who squint, straddle, or stutter—the proportion of miscarriages to marriages—the average number of colds caught by the community, calculated according to the variations of the temperature, and compared with the registered observations of Mr. Bishop's Observatory in the Regent's Park—all this, tabulated according to counties, would be at least as interesting, and certainly would (which is the principal matter) cost as much, and be of as little use, as most of Mr. Mann's elaborate *schemata*.

That this is not an exaggerated anticipation of what may be expected on the great day of account—when we, and all our belongings, our houses and families, wives and children, incomes and professions, cats and dogs, actualities and expectations, creeds and debts, whatever is between ourselves and our Maker, or our bankers, as the case may be—are, each and all, to be exposed to Mr. Mann and his percontatorial staff, may be understood by glancing over some of the worthless information contained in the last Census return. In the Educational statistics, "Appendix to Report; Illustrative Tables," Table I, "divided into seventeen classes," consists of the "occupation of children under fifteen years of age in England and Wales." The children of course are divided first into male and female, and then again into three groups—under five, from five to ten, from ten to fifteen years of age. Of course it is pretended that the tables give an accurate analysis. There is not, however, a single step in the whole process which does not convey a fallacy. First, the information, if obtained, is of no considerable use; secondly, it is impossible to obtain it; thirdly, every item of the particulars is open to question as to its accuracy; and fourthly, the classification suggests endless disputes and controversies, if the subject were worth disputing about. *Ex. grat.*, Mr. Mann tells us that of boys from five to ten years of age, he finds, in England and Wales, twenty-seven exercising "learned professions." When examined, this list of precocious young philosophers is accounted for by classing under "learned professions" "choristers and others employed in churches and chapels." If it were worth while to raise a dispute on such nonsense, we should of course inquire what is meant by "occupation of young children?" Is a child occupied in "buying or selling" who serves in a shop? If so, how often must he serve over the counter to be "occupied?" Is a boy who keeps off crows once a week an "agricultural labourer" or not? Is a girl who weeds the gravel walks "employed in gardening" or not? What is the use—in the enumeration of "art and mechanic productions," in "linked sweetness long drawn out," in Mr. Mann's analysis—of distinguishing between the "five female toymakers between the ages of five to ten," and the "one" young lady of the same mature age "connected with shows, games, and sports," who figures in the National Census? Is this solitary damsel, or the notable fact that there is one little girl out of some 18,000,000 of people occupied in painting teetotums, worth the line which she occupies in the National Census? Could it be ascertained, we have no doubt that the "one" child in England and Wales to whom this place of dignity is assigned has cost the country at least five shillings; and this case is by no means the worst of the waste of public money occasioned by the Census.

If it is intended to relieve the Census from the imputation of being a costly and worthless job, it will be very much simplified on the next occasion. On the coming occasion, at any rate, we trust that we may be relieved from Mr. Horace Mann's exceedingly uncalled-for essays on things in general with which he thinks proper to preface his tables of figures. Other essayists who print at the public expense, have lately received some useful checks. The School Inspectors, part of whose duty it was to talk annual nonsense about nothing at all, and to be eloquent without fear of a printer's bill on the sublime and elevating subject of the comparative excellence of the Hogswater playground and the Puddington lavatories, have been informed that it is no longer thought advisable to print more than the useful part of their annual prose; and a nipping but kindly frost to the genial flow of Mr. Horace Mann's twaddle would be no loss to the community. That gentleman's disquisitions on religious statistics, and his somewhat impertinent estimates of the tenets of the various "Churches" was usually thought to be rather uncalled for; and we trust to be spared his lucubrations in this direction, the value of which may be judged by the fact that he thinks "the Latter-Day Saints" hold the doctrines of "the prophet Mormon." Few portions of the last Census have produced more irritation, as was to be expected, than the religious enumeration. It has embittered the feuds between the Church and the Sects. Mr. Mann, in whose hands the machinery was placed, is said to be an active Dissenter, and though there is not the slightest imputation on his, or anybody else's, fairness in making the returns, the average strength of denominations is not to be ascertained by their attendance at church or meeting-house on any given Sunday. Recriminations and contradictions have been the sole results of the attempt, in 1851, to get at the statistics of religious profession by merely counting noses on a given Sunday. On the last occasion, say the Churchmen, the Sunday selected—the *micarême* of the Continent, still called Mothering Sunday in the country, and on which people usually

spend the day in social rather than religious exercises—was one very unfavourable to the Church, while, in anticipation of the Census, a Dissenting whip was wielded vigorously—Churchmen, as usual, declining trouble, and Dissenters having resolved, after hints from head-quarters, on using the Census for their own purposes. This having been the happy result of the last attempt at getting at religious statistics, we must make up our minds to one of two things in 1861. Either we shall have a regular field day on both sides, with whips orthodox and heterodox, for Church and Dissent respectively—when the ecclesiastical trumpet and sectarian horn will be employed in mustering recruits for the services on the unhappy Sunday when noses are to be counted, and which certainly will not be given up to peace and good-will—or, which the Census Bill now before Parliament provides, the enumeration of attendants at the services will be dispensed with, and every householder will have to state the religious profession of all his inmates. No doubt this is an improvement upon the practice of 1851. It will avoid the indecency of flogging up attendants on public worship for the mere sake of swelling a census-table; but, as it appears, the Dissenters are not satisfied with the change. They fear, and no doubt they are wise in their apprehensions, that the Gallios generally will return themselves as Churchmen; and, which is undoubtedly the fact, the numerical weakness of Dissent will be very disagreeably proved by the proposed plan. They add—which, however, is not the real reason of their objection—that “many will be unable to define their own ecclesiastical position,” and “would render a return in so doubtful a shape as to make it nearly valueless.” The difficulty does not strike us as being insuperable. The familiar appellation of “devil dodgers” might sufficiently describe Christians unattached; and, while we quite sympathize with the “annoyance caused by answering the questions of enumerators”—especially when, like the knife-grinder, people have no religious profession to profess—yet we are scarcely prepared to acquiesce in the compromise suggested by Lord Palmerston, to depart from the practice of 1851 only so far as to register the amount of accommodation instead of the amount of attendance, in the Churches and Meeting-houses. This proves nothing; and, as it seems that the only way by which peace can be obtained is to prove nothing, we had better ask nothing. If the last inquiries did no good, and the proposed inquiries give dissatisfaction, let us have no religious statistics at all. As the last Census produced irritation, to ask no questions may tend to peace. Let the whole religious inquiry be abandoned. Everybody knows that we have plenty of divisions, and that the religious divisions of England love each other much as all religious divisions have ever done. It does no good to count noses either way. If Churchmen do not like noses counted at church or chapel, and if Dissenters do not like noses counted at home, let them not be counted at all. Let us give Mr. Mann a holiday, and save the expense of printing and the vexation of collecting religious statistics which, after all, prove nothing, and only tempt people in the name of religion to curse and swear.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SINCE the days of chivalry, mankind have ever taken great delight in contemplating the troubles of beautiful women. Romance writers have vied with each other in extolling the complexions and complicating the calamities of their heroines, and painters have ransacked history in quest of ill-used beauties and princesses. It is fortunate for the artist whose creations require a substratum of fact, that he is in one respect less circumscribed than the writer of romances. It has generally been required of the latter that he should ultimately crown suffering innocence with prosperity and honour, and deal out justice to the villains of the piece. The painter—fortunately for him—has only to consider the passing moment; and, provided his heroine is for the time being young, lovely, and utterly wretched, what her end may be is a matter of indifference. It is, therefore, no wonder that the story of Marie Antoinette should have found great favour with artists. Her birth, beauty, and misfortunes are unimpeachable, and her fate is recent and notorious. Mr. Elmore exhibits a picture called “The Tuileries, 20th June, 1792” (153), in which this unhappy princess is the principal figure. The subject does not appear to us to be a very good one, or is, at any rate, not very judiciously treated. The interest of it depends upon the contrast between the refined and terrified expressions of the Royal group on the one hand, and the rude and angry countenances of the rebellious mob on the other. An appeal, however, to the sympathy which is excited by these violent and melodramatic contrasts is not, it seems to us, a very refined expedient; and other incidents might easily be found in the history of the French Revolution which would touch the feelings of the spectator in a more subtle manner. Mr. Elmore has, it is true, appended to the title of his picture in the catalogue an anecdote which gives some additional point to the composition. It is, however, clear that in judging a work of art we must take it alone, and not bring into consideration such *ab extra* explanations. So soon as this or any other painting is removed from the Academy rooms, the spectator will probably miss the assistance which the catalogue at present affords, and the painting will have to speak for itself. No one will then guess that this composition means so much. Any picture which requires an elaborate explanation is, if we are not mistaken,

necessarily faulty, and a rule might well be passed to exclude from the catalogue all long notes. Such notes can only be wanted to describe a sequence of events, and a painter who attempts to represent a sequence forgets the limits of his art. The early painters endeavoured to combat this inconvenience by depicting on the same canvas the different stages of a story; but this clumsy expedient has been long abandoned by common consent. The point of the incident which Mr. Elmore has selected lies in the effect produced by the remonstrances of the young Queen; but this point is precisely the part which cannot be rendered in a painting. It was at his option to represent the first or the last circumstances of the dialogue; but to show how an angry virago was mollified by a touching appeal is beyond his power. Still, as a study of heads representing the various emotions of rage, vulgar merriment, dignified resolution, and terror, the painting possesses an interest of its own which does not hang upon any extraneous elucidation, and the crowd of gazers with which it is commonly surrounded bears testimony to the skill which it exhibits.

The sufferings of the heroine in Mr. Frith's picture, “Claude Duval” (162), though not so lasting, were probably quite as keen as those of Marie Antoinette. The incident which forms the subject of this composition is well known. The chivalrous highwayman, who lived in times when his calling was all but an honoured profession, stopped a lady's coach in which there was a large sum of money, and, taking only a part, allowed her to ransom the rest by dancing a measure with him on the heath. This is a subject well suited to Mr. Frith's style, and his picture will undoubtedly have great popularity. We must, however, question whether the expression of terror in the unfortunate lady's face is quite satisfactorily given. The staring eyes, the open mouth, the pallid complexion, are all, it is true, signs of fear; but they are also signs of disease and pain, and we suspect that if this figure were viewed by itself, most persons would take it to be that of an invalid rather than that of a healthy but terrified woman. It is, however, exceedingly difficult to speak with any degree of assurance upon this point, for the simple reason that the expression of fear is one with which most persons have very little familiarity. Fear is, indeed, a sufficiently common emotion, but it is usually a very passing emotion; and, what is more to the purpose, it rarely happens that when one person is much terrified, his neighbour is sufficiently at ease to observe accurately the expression which is produced. Sir Charles Bell, in his *Anatomy of Expression in Painting*, draws a distinction between fear and terror. He says that where a person is simply afraid of some purely physical hurt, the expression of the countenance is different from that which is seen where the imagination comes into play, and the more complicated sensation of terror is felt. The feeling which Mr. Frith had to express in this woman's face was clearly of the latter kind. The dread which she would experience while dancing with the robber would be something more complicated than the definite fear which a person might feel at the prospect of some purely physical pain, such as a burn or a blow. Now when this more complicated feeling, which Sir C. Bell calls “terror,” occurs, “the inner extremity of the eyebrows is,” he tells us, “elevated, and strongly knit by the action of the corrugator; thus producing an expression of distracting thought, anxiety, and alarm, and one which does not belong to animals.” It is in this particular that the face which Mr. Frith has painted appears to us to be defective. He has given all the signs of terror except the displacement of the eyebrows, which, though elevated, are not affected in the manner described above. It is, perhaps, an additional inaccuracy that the teeth should be so plainly seen through the parted lips. Burke, indeed, as quoted by Bell, says that the expressions of pain and fear are identical, and that the teeth are clenched under the influence of both emotions. This, however, is, according to the latter higher authority, decidedly incorrect; and the teeth, as well as the lips, should be parted to express terror. Yet, even if it is granted that there is some physiognomical inaccuracy in the principal figure of the composition, it must be admitted that the painting is very clever. No one understands better than Mr. Frith that a picture must be made to speak for itself, and he has worked out all the accessory parts with so much skill that the general meaning is intelligible at a glance. It would possibly be more in accordance with probability if the rest of the troop were simply looking on while their leader was engaged in his dance; but, as the subject of the picture would then be less obvious, he has doubtless done wisely in representing them as busily rifling the carriage of its contents.

Mr. Dobson exhibits four works which, though they betray a tendency to effeminacy of style, are distinguished by the harmony of their colouring. Where figures are enveloped in loose drapery it is difficult to decide with confidence upon the accuracy of the drawing; but we suspect that Mr. Dobson is not a perfect master of the anatomy of the human figure. In all his pictures there seems to us to be a want of proportion in the forms, and in the few instances where the limbs are exposed—as, for instance, in the feet and legs of the child in the painting called “Die Heimkehr” (81)—the drawing appears to be positively bad. In his “Bethlehem” (241) the countenances are insipid and vulgar; the foreheads are too low, and the eyes too wide apart. An exaggeration of the interval between the eyes is thought by some persons to give a sentimental cast to the countenance; but the artifice is a very perilous one, and quite destructive of beauty if

pushed too far. The head, called "Emilie aus Görwitz" (284), is the worse for this trick. Mr. Dobson must beware of indulging with too little restraint his taste for prettiness. He seems to possess, in an unusual degree, the faculty of producing pleasing combinations of colour, but will, if he does not take care, fall into a rapidly sentimental manner. Mr. Hook's achievements this year fully sustain his reputation. The colouring is as vigorous, and more natural, than formerly, and his drawing is less liable to adverse criticism. Excellent as his paintings were last year, it was impossible to avoid a feeling that the drawing was by no means absolutely satisfactory. There was a want of life and truth in all his representation of active exertion. The drawing of the two figures in his picture this year, which is described as "Whose Bread is on the Waters" (22), shows a great advance in this respect, and leaves nothing to be desired. The colouring of this, and of his three other paintings, is of a simpler and soberer kind than that which he has usually employed, and is in excellent keeping with the peaceful sentiment of such subjects. "The Valley on the Moor" (301), will again remind Mr. Hook's admirers that his powers are not limited to the execution of waves and fishing-boats. Mr. Goodall is the most ambitious colourist of this year's exhibitors. His "Early Morning in the Wilderness of Shur" (295), represents a Sheikh addressing his tribe as they break up their encampment on the shores of the Red Sea. The colouring of the piece is rich, lustrous, and harmonious, and is evidently in some measure based upon the style of the Venetian school. We are not sure whether Mr. Goodall does not use a little too freely the favourite modern artifice of lighting up by the help of patches of emerald green; but he has undoubtedly produced a very striking work. Mr. Phillip must have felt a sense of relief when his "Marriage of the Princess Royal" (58) was at last accomplished. It is difficult to imagine any subject which could test so severely a painter's powers, nor is it easy to conceive that the ordeal could be passed more triumphantly than it has been by Mr. Phillip. He has long been distinguished as the most successful living painter of rich draperies, and his faculty in this respect has here stood him in good stead; but he has, in addition to this, all the higher art which is wanted for the skilful arrangement of groups and the subtle graduation of light and shade. It required no common genius thus to preserve the splendour and, at the same time, disguise the formality of a Court ceremonial. Besides this, Mr. Phillip exhibits his diploma work, deposited in the Academy on his election as Academician. This latter, of which the title is "Prayer" (168), is a representation of a Spanish peasant-woman in an attitude of devotion. This, like his larger work, has met with well-merited admiration. The simplicity of the principal figure is brought into relief by the more artificial attitude and dress of a second figure in the background, and any suspicion of hackneyed sentiment is thus judiciously avoided. The second figure is thrown into the shade, so as to prevent any interference with the due prominence of the true subject of the painting; and its presence, at the same time, serves to explain that the scene is laid in a church, and thus gives an air of probability to the whole. The execution of the painting is thoroughly good, and the face of the woman engaged in prayer is true and unaffected. Her suffused and up-turned eye is full of expression. It is seldom that a painter exhibits two works so different and yet so equally excellent as these.

(To be continued.)

DON GIOVANNI AT THE TWO OPERA HOUSES.

DON GIOVANNI at both Opera Houses on the same evening, and four times given in London within a fortnight, speaks well for the taste both of managers and public. Indeed, altogether, this season a marked improvement may be observed in the quality of the entertainment provided by the great operatic establishments. The Verdi mania seems happily to have somewhat abated, and room has consequently been left for works of more legitimate merit. At Covent Garden, *Dinorah*, *Fidelio*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Il Barbiere*, and *Don Giovanni*—all masterpieces in their several styles—have been given, and we are promised Rossini's delightful *La Gazza Ladra* next week for the much desiderated appearance of Madlle. Nantier Didiée. Mr. Smith, too, has acted up to the promises contained in his prospectus; and although, with the exception of *Don Giovanni* and *Otello*, the quality of his programmes has not been of quite so elevated a cast as at the rival house, we have such works as *Semiramide*, *Oberon*, and *Fidelio* to look forward to. On the present occasion, we propose to devote some little space to a notice of the performance of Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre* at Her Majesty's and Covent Garden Theatres respectively. We take the former first, that being the order in which we were able to visit the two houses. The important variations in the cast at Her Majesty's Theatre from that of Drury Lane last season are the appearance of Madame Borghi Mamo as Zerlina, the substitution of Signor Everardi for Badiali in the part of the hero, and that of Signor Vialletti for Marini as Leporello. Donna Anna and Don Ottavio were, as was the case last year at Drury Lane, and the preceding season at Her Majesty's Theatre, given to Madlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini respectively; and Madlle. Vaneri still retains the rôle of Donna Elvira. Don Giovanni is confessedly a character requiring such extraordinary qualifications, both vocal and histrionic, that a thoroughly satisfactory "presentment" of Mozart's libertine hero

is the greatest rarity in the chronicles of operatic performances; and, indeed, since the time of Tamburini—upon the merits of whose admirable impersonation all musicians and critics are agreed—although many have tried the part, no one has achieved more than a respectable mediocrity. Signor Mario's performance is altogether of so exceptional a nature, and characterized by such necessary mutilation of the score, that, in spite of his finished singing, and still more finished acting, it cannot legitimately be regarded as more than a mere expedient to fill a very unfortunate gap in the organization of Mr. Gye's company. It will not, then, be surprising if we are not able to give unqualified commendation to Signor Everardi's performance. We can, nevertheless, honestly praise it as of more than average excellence. His demeanour on the stage is easy and gentlemanlike, and his singing careful and intelligent. His voice, however, is somewhat wanting in richness and fluency, which, indeed, are the very qualities which would render his delineation all that could be desired. Without descending into minute particulars, we may instance his rendering of "La ci darem," of the serenade, and of the last scene with the statue, as very meritorious performances—the two former quite deserving the encores which they obtained. Madame Borghi Mamo, as might be expected, makes an admirable Zerlina, and sings "Batti Batti," and "Vedrai Carino" most charmingly. Signor Vialletti's somewhat hard voice is scarcely adequate to giving a satisfactory interpretation of the character of Leporello, which also requires a more easy and genial flow of humour than he seems capable of infusing into the part. If we do not enlarge upon the Donna Anna of Madlle. Titiens and the Ottavio of Signor Giuglini, it is because their merits are so well known as to render minute description superfluous. The lady's delivery of the recitative, when she discovers Don Giovanni to be the murderer of her father, and in particular of the words, "Quegli è il carnefice del padre mio!" is truly magnificent, and her success in each of the splendid airs, "Or sai chi l'onore," and "Non mi dir," was as great as ever. Nor can her admirably musicianlike and effective singing in all the various concerted pieces be too highly eulogized. The "Il mio tesoro" and "Dalla sua pace" of Signor Giuglini are perfect specimens of expressive singing; and it is to be regretted that he should so unnecessarily alter the text in the former song by the substitution of passages of his own for those of Mozart, which he is perfectly capable of executing.

Of Madlle. Vaneri we are sorry not to be able to speak, in terms of such unqualified commendation. Although she possesses considerable power of voice and a sufficient amount of mechanical facility, the quality of her notes has a very decided tendency to harshness, and an uncertainty of intonation further interferes most unfortunately with the effect of her performance. A very judicious alteration was on Thursday night made in the cast by the substitution of Signor Aldighieri, an excellent barytone, for a tenor—Signor Mercuriali, who, strange to say, essayed the part of Masetto when we heard the opera at Her Majesty's Theatre on the occasion of its first being performed this season. The opera, musically speaking, was as a whole very effectively performed. The magnificent *finale* to the first act was, in particular, capably given by the chorus and principals, and the band throughout displayed signs of very great improvement since the commencement of the season. The scenery, it must be remarked, is rather shabby, which surely ought not to be the case with an opera which is perhaps the most certain attraction in the repertoire. Mr. Smith is rather too much inclined to be content with trusting to the attractions of a first-rate staff of principal vocalists—with the adjuncts, it is true, of an excellent band and chorus—and is possibly assisted somewhat by the prestige of locality; but he is, it must be acknowledged, too neglectful of many of the minor details which are absolutely necessary to anything like perfection of performance. The policy of the other house is, and has for some years been, essentially different; and the result is an air of finish and completeness such as has seldom been attained.

At Covent Garden, an unfortunate necessity has occasioned the substitution of a tenor for the legitimate voice, a barytone, in the part of Don Giovanni himself. On this arrangement, however, we have already taken occasion to animadvert somewhat strongly, which having done, we have little else but praise to award. Signor Mario's conception and interpretation of the character of the Spanish nobleman is, histrionically speaking, almost absolute perfection. It is impossible, indeed, to conceive anything more admirable than his demeanour throughout—his easy familiarity with Leporello, his insinuating persuasiveness in his scenes with Zerlina, or the air of half-defiant half-surprised audacity with which he meets the statue. From first to last his bearing is that of a polished high-bred gentleman, which, to judge from its rarity on the stage, is a most difficult character to portray—one, nevertheless, absolutely essential to a successful delineation of *Don Giovanni*. The features of novelty in the cast are the Zerlina of Madame Penco and the Elvira of Madlle. Csillag. We have seldom seen a better Zerlina than the former lady, who has improved materially in our estimation since last year. Her duet with Signor Mario, "La ci darem," was full of grace, and in excellent taste, altogether meriting the applause and the encore it obtained. The effect in the quick movement, however, is completely ruined by the inversion of the parts, Signor Mario singing the upper instead of the lower line. We must take some exception to the time at which Madame Penco

takes the allegro movement of "Batti Batti," which we cannot but think certainly too slow, and which robs it of much of its sparkle and brilliancy. Her greatest success, however, was in "Vedrai Carino," which she sang with charming expression and delicacy, and which was unanimously redemanded.

Madlle. Csillag seemed at the commencement of the opera to be suffering from a severe cold, and we were consequently, after the favourable impression of her powers derived from *Fidelio*, a little disappointed by her delivery of the two airs in the first act, "Ah chi mi dice," and "Mi tradi," the florid passages of which latter seemed rather to overtask her capabilities. As the evening progressed, however, great improvement was manifest. In the trio of masks "Protegga il giusto Cielo," she proved herself extremely effective, as also in the lovely trio at the window, "Ah taci, ingiusto core;" as again in the glorious sestet "Sola sola." Best of all perhaps was her last scene with Don Giovanni, where she urges him to repentance, which she declaimed with genuine feeling and energy. Her acting throughout was of a very high order of merit, as might be expected from the intelligence and dramatic power which she has already shown herself to possess by her impersonation of Leonora, in Beethoven's *Fidelio*. She is doubtless a valuable acquisition to the Theatre.

Madame Grisi is as impressive as ever in her reading of the character of Donna Anna, and her beautiful style of singing is still not to be surpassed. That her voice, however, should evince symptoms of decay is not surprising, after a continuous career of some eight and twenty years; and we can only wonder that time and severe work should have produced so small an effect for evil. "Il mio tesoro" from such a voice as Signor Gardoni's must always be welcome, although, like Signor Giuglini, he makes some alterations, which we do not think improvements, in the text. It is almost unnecessary to add that the Leporello of Signor Ronconi is instinct with genius, inimitable for its original quaint humour, and only in any degree within the pale of criticism from a certain physical defect either of ear or voice which so often unfortunately interferes with accuracy of intonation. Tagliafico is the best Commandatore we know, and in the terrible *finale*, which is as mighty an inspiration as is to be found in the whole range of musical composition, his rich and powerful voice was admirably effective. The band throughout, it is almost needless to say, was faultless—the *mise en scène*, and especially the grouping and action at the end of the first act, excellent—and every necessary adjunct in perfect taste and keeping. We may add, perhaps, that the four airs, "Ah fuggi il traditor," "Dalla sua pace," "Ho Capito," and "Non mi dir," which are all given at Her Majesty's Theatre, are omitted at Covent Garden, owing doubtless to the late hour at which the performance commences.

REVIEWS.

CASTLE RICHMOND.*

MR. TROLLOPE is in the position of a man who, after becoming the father of an enormous family in a very short time, takes at last to having twins. For some years past he has written at least a novel a year; and now, whilst publishing one story in the *Cornhill Magazine*, he brings out another independently of it at the same time. *Castle Richmond* is an Irish story. It tells how there was in the south-west of Ireland, in the famine year, a certain rich family of Fitzgeralds, the eldest son of which was named Herbert. There was also a distant connexion of the family, called Owen Fitzgerald, a young bachelor, who lived by himself on a small property near his rich cousins; whilst not far off dwelt the Dowager Countess of Desmond, mother of the Earl of Desmond, an Eton boy, and of his sister, Lady Clara, an exquisitely beautiful young lady. Lady Desmond, who is thirty-eight years of age, falls in love with Owen Fitzgerald, who is three-and-twenty. Owen Fitzgerald falls in love with Clara Desmond, who is sixteen, and gets from her a sort of engagement, on the fulfilment of which Lady Desmond puts a veto. A year afterwards Clara Desmond falls in love with Herbert Fitzgerald, and is engaged to him. Owen makes a great scene about it; and Clara is inclined to think that on the whole she likes Owen, though she keeps her word to Herbert. Two villains appear, of whom the elder turns out to be a former husband, supposed to have been dead, of Lady Fitzgerald, the mother of Herbert. Of course, on the first hint of his existence, the reader knows that towards the end of the book a wife paramount will turn up to trump his marriage, and produce a happy catastrophe. They get money from old Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, and finally bully him to death, though he tells his wife and son the history before he dies. Herbert appearing to be illegitimate, Owen becomes heir in tail to the property. Lady Desmond hereupon wishes her daughter to break with Herbert and take up with Owen, but her lover's misfortunes act upon her in an inverse direction. She falls passionately in love with Herbert, and tells Owen that she will love him as a sister, if that will be of any use, but he thinks it will not. At this point the wife paramount turns up, and Lady Fitzgerald finds that she really was her husband's wife. Herbert comes back to

his property after a few weeks interregnum, and marries Clara, whilst Lady Desmond tells Owen of her love for him, and he bids her good-bye. This is the pith of the three volumes in so far as they are a novel, but a good deal of disquisition is interwoven about the Irish famine and the measures of relief taken at the time by the Government, on the one side, and charitable persons on the spot on the other. Mr. Trollope saw a good deal of what passed on that occasion, and by giving his hero a large estate in the midst of the district where the famine was most severe, and a strong inclination to erect soup-kitchens on it, he contrives to introduce legitimately enough a considerable amount of his experience, without falling into quite so many episodes and stray pamphlets as usually characterize his tales.

Castle Richmond is not the least like an old-fashioned Irish novel. The people are very like English people in everything, except the accident of the famine; and the story itself, as may be inferred from the sketch of its contents given above, is almost what may be called a commonform story. The only incidents in it which are at all individual or characteristic are the half rivalry of the mother and daughter, and the daughter's struggle of feeling between her two lovers, which is converted into passionate love for the one whom she liked least by the fact of his unexpected accession of poverty. There is also a certain freshness in the intensity and durability of passion felt by Owen. The rivalry between the mother and daughter is not a pleasant subject, nor is it easy to understand why it should be introduced, except indeed upon the principle that a man must get desperately sick of inventing a new exquisitely attractive girl every year, and devising a distinct piece of lovmaking for her. It is intelligible enough that under such a pressure the mind should be compelled to turn to monstrosities, but such expedients are unpleasant to the reader, and cannot be justified by any principle of artistic propriety. The young lady's inconsistency is a more legitimate device for distinguishing this particular slice of cake from the others in the same plate, and it is worked out with a good deal of ingenuity, especially as Mr. Trollope obviously prefers, and means his readers to prefer, the lover who is rejected to the one who is accepted. No doubt it is a novelty to put the unromantic man into the romantic situation, and so divert the lady's romance to the unromantic lover. The remark which the whole fabric of the story suggests is, that Mr. Trollope has reached the stage in which he may justly claim the character of an excellent literary workman (though the style of his workmanship is certainly open to some criticism) but that he has also arrived at the point when he makes a novel just as he might make a pair of shoes, with a certain workmanlike satisfaction in turning out a good article, but with little of the freshness and zest which marked his earlier productions. The double bigamy artifice is an illustration of this. He brings it in openly and in a thoroughly businesslike way, but with as perfect a consciousness that he is going through a form as a lawyer feels when he puts in the usual covenants for title at the end of a conveyance. The legal simile suggests the observation that, according to his invariable habit, Mr. Trollope introduces a certain quantity of law, both civil and criminal, into his story. This time, however—yielding in some degree, let us hope, to the repeated representations addressed to him in this journal—he has contrived to get it substantially right. He need not, however, have antedated Sir John Stuart's elevation to the bench. He was not made Vice-Chancellor till long after 1847.

Perhaps the most curious part of the book is that which relates to the Irish famine. It is impossible not to feel that that was the part of it about which Mr. Trollope really cared, but that, as he had to get a novel out of it, he was in duty bound to mix up a hash of Desmonds and Fitzgeralds with the Indian meal on which his mind was fixed as he wrote. He really does know something, and really has something to say, upon this subject; and as a shoemaker who had served in the army might go on talking about his campaigns all the while that he was stitching away at the boot on his lap, Mr. Trollope constantly chats about the famine whilst he is making his novel. He has far more businesslike habits of thought, and a much fairer and more sensible mind than the great majority of popular novelists, so that what he does say upon the subject gives his readers cause to regret that he did not leave the loves of the mother, daughter, and two cousins unrecorded, to tell the world something more of what Mr. Trollope saw of Ireland in 1847, and afterwards, when pestilence and emigration had concluded that purgation of the country which famine began. It is of course impossible to persuade him to give up a practice which he appears to have adopted on principle, but the milk and the water really should be in separate pails. Pastry and roast-beef should not be served on the same plate. The roast-beef is far the better thing of the two, but, if possible, let us have it neat.

Another point on which Mr. Trollope is obviously determined to preach to mankind, in season and out of season, is the duty of falling passionately in love, and of marrying without regard to money. Several eminent novelists, of whom he is one, are dreadfully in earnest upon that point. Mr. Trollope is certainly not flippant or insolent, but he likes a laugh, and will laugh at most things, but not at falling in love. Get up a consuming passion for some one or other, and gratify it at all risks, are the great commandments on which hang all his novels. One would have thought that of all the willing horses in the world there was

* *Castle Richmond: a Novel*. By Anthony Trollope. London: Chapman and Hall. 1860.

none that wanted spurring less than this. Whatever other faults we are justly chargeable with, there is love-making and marrying enough in the world to satisfy the most ravenous appetite, and young people are far more inclined to marry in haste and repent at leisure than to stand shivering on the brink and fear to launch away. A novelist capable of investigating the subject of love in a philosophical temper would be inestimable. They all, at present, write about it in a tone which is altogether uninteresting and unsatisfactory, for, not to mention the circumstance that they always arrange their facts to suit their principles, they have no real principles about the matter at all. They have nothing but feelings, which are always violent, and hardly ever under control.

Mr. Trollope, like many other writers at the present day, has the queerest hankering after theology, and he displays it in a series of what may be called secondary commonplaces, which would be better away. A commonplace is something which every one says—a secondary commonplace is the answer which those who go far enough give to the original commonplace. Thus, for example, it was a commonplace to speak of the Irish famine as a judgment, and to add that people ought to pray that it might be averted. It was a secondary commonplace to answer that it was not a judgment, and that, if it was, it was a right one, and that men ought not to try to avert it; and to this might be added the commonplaces about the Divine laws of health and prudence, and their sanctions, by referring to which, in connexion with the cholera, Lord Palmerston so grievously scandalized the Scotch. Mr. Trollope parades all this matter through several paragraphs, as if he thought it was a novel observation. He ought either to have indicated that he assumed its truth, which he might have done in two words, or to have thought the matter out, which he would not have done in ten years; but miniature sermons, which are certainly not new, and very probably not true, are a vexation to the spirit. In his last, or, it may have been, his penultimate novel, Mr. Trollope preached in the same way about the resurrection of the body. He had better let the Creed alone.

It would be unjust not to say, though it is a matter of course, that *Castle Richmond*, being written by Mr. Trollope, is very clever and amusing. It is needless to explain its merits. They are the same as those of his other novels. One small special defect may be worth mention. He writes very bad slang. A certain Ahv Mollett is introduced, who, by way of talking Cockney, is always made to omit every initial *h*, and prefix a superfluous one to all words beginning with vowels. No Cockney really does this. He omits twenty aspirates for one that he inserts; and indeed, except when he speaks under excitement, he hardly ever introduces one. The reason obviously is, that aspiration is an effort, so that there is an inducement to dispense with it but none to increase it, unless extra emphasis is required. Hardly any one, we may add, can spell dialects properly. A man must be bred in the constant use of them to speak them properly. Mr. Trollope, Mrs. Gaskell, Mr. Thackeray, and half a dozen other novelists combined, would never spell the word "work" so as to represent the pronunciation of a Lincolnshire labourer; yet the sound has nothing very peculiar or marked about it.

MARSH'S LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.*

THIS volume derives a certain extraneous interest from its American origin, as it is well worth our while to see what forms our common language assumes in the great English colony in the West, and what views of its past history and future prospects are taken by an American philologist. But Mr. Marsh's Lectures are also very far from being void of intrinsic merit. We can truly say, what it is really a good deal to say, that we thought better of the book as we went on. Mr. Marsh has clearly travelled a good deal, read a good deal, and thought a good deal. His lectures must have been exceedingly valuable, and, we should think, exceedingly novel, to the academic class to whom they were delivered; and they contain a good many hints which may be useful to more advanced scholars than the "Post-Graduates" (which, we suppose, means Bachelors) of Columbia College. Mr. Marsh speaks with that hearty earnestness which is so characteristic of the better class of his nation, and which, though it sometimes takes rather grotesque forms, always commands our good will. He evidently not only understands, but loves, his subject; he is zealous about it, and ready to take some trouble on its behalf. English scholarship is apt to be something too refined and fastidious—to shut itself up in a sort of exclusive dilettantism. Mr. Marsh's philology is of a practical, work-day kind. His conclusions are not mere abstract truths—they are in his eyes almost moral duties which he inculcates with something of the warmth of a preacher.

Mr. Marsh is, we think, stronger in the literary than in the strictly scientific portion of his subject. In fact, he occupies pretty much the same ground which Dean Trench does among ourselves. The more enlarged philology is not so much the strong point of either as the later history of the language and its comparison with other modern languages. Mr. Marsh has evidently given much careful study to Old-English and the other Teutonic dialects, but he does not bring out the results in a very scientific manner, and he gives hardly any illustrations at all from the other Arian languages. We do not know anything of the

line of study pursued in Columbia College; but certainly an Oxford or Cambridge professor would have drawn more fully upon the cognate tongues of Greece and Italy. On the other hand, it is very creditable to Mr. Marsh's audience if any large part of them could follow him in his Teutonic scholarship, which we certainly fear but a small proportion of an Oxford audience could have done. But, considering that Greek and Teutonic are, after all, kindred tongues, it is highly desirable always to put their kindred character prominently forward, and to give neither any monopoly over the other. Mr. Marsh is clearly a classical scholar himself; and we hope the Post-Graduates of Columbia College would not have been frightened at a little more Greek.

The earliest part of Mr. Marsh's book—his discussions about philology, and what he calls "linguistics"—struck us as rather too abstract and metaphysical. They also bring out some defects of style more strongly than any other part. We cannot congratulate Mr. Marsh on being himself the great sublime he draws. Teutonic enough in theory, he Latinizes terribly in practice. Latinize, indeed, we all must, more or less, especially when dealing with any subject at all scientific or technical; but Mr. Marsh often altogether loses sight of simplicity, and is carried away in a mass of long and hardly intelligible words. Among many which, to us at least, are like Euripides' gods, a *κόμμα καλόν*, stands pre-eminently forward Mr. Marsh's favourite phrase of "the Anglican tongue." On this side of the Atlantic we are so accustomed to use the form "Anglican" purely in an ecclesiastical sense, that "the Anglican tongue" would seem at first sight to mean not any national language, but the technical dialect of a decorous orthodoxy. Mr. Marsh, more than once, complains bitterly of the tyranny of printers. We hope it is the printer's fault, that, throughout his volume, when words are divided between two lines they are constantly divided wrongly. We hope that it is the printer, too, who has forced Mr. Marsh into the American fashion of spelling all words which end in "our," with "or" only. The needless Latinism of "honor" and "labor" disguises the fact that the words came to us through the French, while "neighbor," "armor," "succor" are mere blunders. "Neighbour" comes nearer to "neahbúr" than the newfangled form; "armour" should strictly be "armure," but "armor" is further off still; while the *u* in "succour" preserves a remembrance of "succurrere," which is quite lost in "succor."

We have another small quarrel to fight out with Mr. Marsh. The strange custom of calling all Englishmen, before 1066, *Saxons*—that is, of using the language of Welshmen or Highlanders, not that of the men themselves—is so all but universal that we do not think of stopping to rebuke everybody who falls into it. But we do feel inclined to kick when we find Mr. Marsh protesting against the right name. Whatever was the exact nature of the various Teutonic settlements in Britain—whether the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes of the Chronicle, or anything else—the nation, as soon as it became a united nation, called itself English. The title "King of the Anglo-Saxons" is common enough, but that means King of the Angles and Saxons, not, as people strangely think, only of the Saxons in England. The word Anglo-Saxon (in this sense) is often convenient, but "Saxon" alone, to express the whole people, is simply a mistake. This custom makes people think of "the Saxons" as something quite different from "Englishmen"—something more analogous to "the Britons," if, indeed, "the Britons" are not thought, rather than "the Saxons," to be our own forefathers. People will never have clear notions of English history till we all learn to follow Dr. Guest in using the word "English" to express the Teutonic conquerors of Britain from the very beginning. One often hears such an expression as an English word being "derived from the Saxon"—as if "Saxon" were something quite different, from which English words can be "derived," as they are from Latin. The received nomenclature calls our language "Anglo-Saxon" as long as it is clearly unintelligible to a modern reader—"English" as soon as it begins to be intelligible—the transitional period being called "Semi-Saxon," which we look on as the most foolish name to be found in any scientific nomenclature. Now, the people who spoke the language called it "English," as far as we can go back. The natural name to distinguish the earliest form, now no longer intelligible, is "Old-English," just like "Alt-Deutsch," "Old-French," "Old-Norse," and so forth. To call one stage "Saxon," or even "Anglo-Saxon," and another "English," would imply that a new language supplanted an older, instead of a later form being developed out of an older. Mr. Marsh's objection that "Anglo-Saxon" is not now intelligible proves nothing—no language in a similarly early stage remains so anywhere. Nor does it make any difference that our actual vocabulary is so largely Romance, not Teutonic. No one has shown more clearly than Mr. Marsh himself how mere an infusion the Romance element is, after all. The grammar is Teutonic, and so are all those words without which we cannot get on at all. That is, you may write on for some while, on subjects which allow it, and not use a single Romance word; while it is impossible to put together the shortest grammatical sentence out of Romance words only. This fact clearly shows that Teutonic and Latin are not co-equal elements in modern English, but that the Latin words are mere immigrants, mere naturalized strangers, however important in mere number. It shows, also, that the relation between English and "Anglo-Saxon" is different from, and closer than, that between the Romance languages and Latin.

* *Lectures on the English Language.* By George P. Marsh. New York: Scribner. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. 1860.

Our grammar is still Teutonic; but the French grammar is not Latin. The Latin element in French comes out much more strongly in the vocabulary than in the construction.

Going on further through the book, we generally find each chapter containing many sensible remarks, and much curious and often novel information. Mr. Marsh takes a good deal of trouble in pointing out errors and vulgarisms in common use, especially such as have recently crept in. Sometimes they strike us as such mere vulgarisms that it was hardly worth while to notice them. But we doubt not that the state of American society may make many cautions needful there which are hardly wanted here; and, in any case, it is a fault on the right side. When a leader of Opposition complains that a bill "contains no *allusion*" to this or that subject (fancy the Licinian Law "containing an allusion" to a plebeian consulship), and when the Speaker himself is reported—we trust, falsely, but that he should be even falsely reported is a sign of the times—to have told an hon. member that he must not "*allude* to another hon. member *by name*," in such a state of things as this hardly any warning can be deemed superfluous. Mr. Marsh censures, as contrary to usage, a new fashion of saying, "*I commence to build*," instead of "*I commence building*." But why "*commence*" at all? Why not "*begin*," in plain English? In another place he censures, and seemingly with good reason, what he calls a "*neologism*" (by which he means a fashion introduced by way of supposed special accuracy)—namely, the fashion of saying "the house is being built," instead of "the house is building." The purists, it seems, quarrel with this last phrase, as using an active participle in a passive sense. But, in truth, as Mr. Marsh shows, "*building*," in this phrase, is not a participle at all, but a verbal noun. The old form is, "the house is *in* (or rather *on*) *building*," of which we have a trace in the now vulgar pronunciation, "the house is a *building*;" just as, in our version of the New Testament, "the ark was a preparing," and, in the old carol, "when Joseph was a walking." "*Ing*" is strictly not a participial form at all. The true participle ends in "*and*," like the German "*end*,"—a form which is perhaps hardly quite obsolete in Scotland.

Mr. Marsh has some very good remarks on the influence of printing, both on spelling and pronunciation. The introduction of printing at first did a good deal to unsettle our system of spelling. Compositors were ignorant. They spelled anyhow—they put in or left out letters to make a line longer or shorter. Hence, to a great extent, the perfectly wild spelling of the sixteenth century, while very much earlier we had a comparatively uniform and consistent system. Latterly, as Mr. Marsh rather pathetically complains, the compositor has begun to play the tyrant. He chooses some dictionary or other, very often a bad one, and will let nobody spell differently from its standard. Our spelling, therefore, gets fixed; and, in many cases, it is fixed right, that is, nearer to its etymology than it stood in the anarchy of the sixteenth century. But, in some cases, it is fixed wrong. Would any man venture to spell "the jingle of endings" any way but "rhyme?" Yet the *h* and *y* have got in solely from a quite false notion that the word comes from the Greek *ῥυθμός*. "*Rim*," "*reim*" is a perfectly good Teutonic word, and, according to analogy, should in modern English be written *rime*. We remember once, in the boldness of youth, spelling it so, but, as it came back on our proof *time*, we did not run the risk again. If an *h* is wanted anywhere, it should rather be given to *rime*, in the sense of hoar-frost, whose Old-English form is "*hrim*." In short, the spelling "rhyme" is just as bad as the spelling "abominable," which has happily gone out of fashion, but which once existed under the notion that the word had something to do with *homo*. Mr. Marsh, while on this subject, might have mentioned the tyranny which now-a-days obliges us to write the unpronounceable "judgment" for "judgement," and the new Imperial-Parisian importations of "*civilise*," "*civilisation*," and sometimes even "*baptise*." In some cases, an affectation of precision by printers has permanently changed the spelling, sometimes even the pronunciation. "Subject," "perfect," "debt," "doubt," are all words derived from the French, and were formerly written without the *c* and the *b*, which in French are silent. But when people began to see that, though immediately from the French, they were originally from the Latin, a *c* and a *b* were put in. The *c* has got to be not only written but sounded; but the *b* in "debt" and "doubt" is still silent, because it is almost impossible to pronounce it. In like sort (though the form "*Henri*" always co-existed), the spelling "*Harry*," the nearest approach to the French pronunciation, is the more true English form.

Mr. Marsh has a great deal of valuable matter on more general subjects. There is a chapter specially worth reading on the English Translation of the Bible, and the evils and dangers of all kinds which would follow on a revision. Mr. Marsh's testimony on this head, as an American—and, as we gather from some of his remarks, an American Dissenter—is well worthy of attention. On the whole, his Lectures are exceedingly creditable both to himself and to Columbia College. We only wish that he would carry out his principles a little farther in his own style. We really cannot profess to be any wiser after reading such a sentence as this:—"Deep in the recesses of our being, beneath even the reach of consciousness, or at least of objective self-inspection, there lies a certain sensibility to the organic laws of our mother-tongue, and to the primary significance of its vocabulary," &c. &c. Mr. Marsh is the citizen of a Republic—he

really should not fall into these Imperialisms. A plain man, an unenlightened "Anglo-Saxon," is about as likely to make out Mr. Marsh's meaning as he is to know what a more exalted personage may mean by "solidarity," "situations," "complications," and "the antagonism of another epoch."

THE TIN BOX.*

THE *Tin Box* is an attempt to tell a story which belongs to the latter part of the last century, in the style of Richardson and in the form of letters. An old clergyman is the confidant of a group of friends during a long series of years; and the letters he receives and writes inform us of the circumstances under which the hero and heroine grew up—how the hero married the wrong lady—how the right lady married a man she hated, and then ran away, although in an innocent way, with a villain—how everybody was reclaimed, and the stubborn father, the villainous eloper, and the headstrong young lady got as good as possible, and so rewarded the good clergyman for his goodness. The merits of the performance are not sufficient to make any detailed criticism necessary. The book has no pretensions to being clever, entertaining, or instructive. But as we read it, it suggests a few points for consideration which have a wider scope than the work itself; and it thus gains an interest as furnishing occasional illustrations on subjects with which it is more or less faintly connected.

The first of these points relates to the imitation of old writers. Is it desirable that novelists, in writing a tale of the past, should use the language and borrow the thoughts of the age to which the story is supposed to belong? We think it is not; and that this is shown by the most elaborate and happy attempt at the execution of this difficult task which has ever been made. As a *tour de force*, *Esmond* is marvellous. The style is better than could have possibly been expected in an imitation of the *Spectator*. The thoughts of the people of Queen Anne's days are reproduced as well as a man now living can reproduce them. The minute truthfulness of the accessory and subordinate painting cannot be too highly praised. And yet *Esmond*, as a whole, is not worth the enormous pains it must have cost. We think of it as something wonderful in its success of art, and not as delightful and pleasant in the truth of nature. Walter Scott's description, in *Old Mortality*, of a nearly contemporary period, carries us along with it far more easily. In both cases we know that a man of our own time is writing, and we never for a moment shake off the knowledge. It is therefore simpler and truer that the storyteller should tell the story in his own language, and only use language appropriate to the times described when he writes his dialogue. Even this is a very dangerous resource. For this appropriate language of dialogue is apt to become ludicrously conventional. The speakers in many historical novels do not use the language that was really spoken in their supposed time, but merely interlard modern language with antique expressions. No one is taken in by this. We do not really suppose, for example, that people at any time of English history talked as the citizens of London are made to talk in Sir E. Lytton's *Last of the Barons*. The use of making one of these citizens string together sentences principally composed of "grammercy" and "Ifackins" is not to show us how such people talked, but to give the work, generally speaking, a fine flavour of the antique. And, of course, the humbler the artist the humbler the performance. When we get to such a book as the *Tin Box*, the imitation of the style of the past seems infantine. In the first place, the wish to make the whole thing appear ancient enough, and in keeping, induces the writer to construct the most needlessly complex machinery for introducing his story. First, there is the author himself brought on the stage; then there is a man fishing in Wales, whom the author meets there; then there is the old clergyman from whom the tin box comes. The clergyman leaves the papers to the fisherman, and the fisherman asks the author to see what is in them. We get disheartened by all this. From the language in which this opening narrative is written, we know that we shall not care what is in this *Tin Box*, but we wish it was opened in order to get rid of the foolish intricacy of the padlocks by which it is secured. Then again, as the imitation is not good enough to make us sure that throughout the author has meant to imitate, we often doubt whether the opinions expressed are intended to be taken as approved of by the author, or as merely characteristic of the period. There is a large allowance, for instance, of religious sentimentalism in the letters addressed to the clergyman, and a dismal pomposity and inanity in his replies. Sometimes we are inclined to suppose that this is meant as a quiz on the last century, and sometimes to adopt the simple conclusion that the author thinks it all very fine writing. This particular book does not happen to be good enough to make it much matter which is the true solution, but the general remark applies to all these imitation stories. Either the imitation is really good, as in *Esmond*—and then the very perfection of the art stands between us and the naturalness of the story—or it is imperfect, and then we are at a loss to know where it begins and where it stops.

It is also worth considering whether the machinery of letters

* *The Tin Box*. A Story of the Last Century. From the Ecritoire of the late Samuel Scobel, Clerk. Edited by G. W. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1860.

is advantageous or not in a novel. The success of Richardson and Miss Burney might be used to show that it is capable of being used with the highest success, and one at least of the ablest of modern French novels is also written in this form. But the general usage of novelists is against the plan, and for a reason which is, we think, unanswerable. The letters never can be like real letters. They must all contain what it is necessary for the story they should contain, and nothing else. The correspondents must, in fact, not correspond as friends and relatives do, but they must make out a narrative between them. The very beauty of Richardson's letters is that every incident told in them, and every feeling described, bears on the main story. This unreal applicability of the letters to the purposes of the story is unavoidable, and any attempt to avoid it must end in confusion. The useful little *Tin Box* serves to illustrate this. The author is not satisfied that all the letters should be devoted to the story. He puts in notices of such current topics as persons writing at that time might naturally have their attention turned to. But not the very faintest illusion is produced. The result is merely that scraps of English or European history are inserted at random. News has come that the Bastille has been taken, that semaphores have been invented, or that Lord St. Vincent has won a victory. Sometimes a little knowledge of stage history is shown. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons receive some mild criticisms, and the plot of one or two pieces now forgotten is described. But as the criticisms are in themselves worthless, and as the scraps of history are mere bits of statistics, they do the story no good, and do not give any air of naturalness to the letters. Nor can we see how the introduction of irrelevant matter supposed to be such as is found in real letters could be successful. The better it was, the more irrelevant it would be, and the more we should get distracted from the story; and therefore the old novelists were undoubtedly right not to make the letters like real letters, when they used this machinery of romance, but to prefer letting it be apparent that the letters were only a machinery.

Th's book also suggests one or two points of comparison between the novels of Richardson's time and those of our own. Both are realistic, and aim at drawing real life minutely; but those of our time chiefly deal with real life on a quieter scale, or else go quite in the opposite direction, and paint the most startling crimes and the most complicated horrors. The older novelists, and especially Richardson, occupy themselves more with the greater sorrows, misfortunes, and wrongs of life, but in a quiet and sober way. We think the advantage rests with the older method. So long as a morbid appetite for the terrible is not created and fostered, we are more worthily moved when we have our interest and pity and curiosity excited by the rarer and greater afflictions, injuries, and dangers of human existence than when we are invited to sympathize with the distresses of young ladies who cannot agree with their governess, or with the conscientious anxieties of a curate who has to choose between three heroines. A murder, a seduction, a balance of conflicting evidence, a good tough battle, a trial of physical skill, are all things in which men feel, and always will feel, a deep and permanent interest, and the description of which will raise them out of their own particular sphere, and give them the temporary advantage and amusement of feeling a communion with their neighbours and mankind. Much the same may be said of the difference of the modes in which religious matters are dealt with in fiction now and formerly. The old method was simpler and broader, and, although there was often something ludicrous in it, yet it trusted to the general impression made by introducing great subjects, and did not explore the recesses of the individual conscience and analyze the formation of a religious character. The *Tin Box* travesties, rather than reproduces, the simplicity and directness of religious topics of the old novel. Towards the end of the volume, all the *dramatis personæ*, good, bad, and indifferent, receive the sacrament together. This is rather strong, but it is only an exaggeration of the cheerful simplicity of creed and of the good-humoured estimate of possible virtue which shine in the novels of a century ago. The best thing is not to introduce religion into novels at all. So long as the general drift of the writing is—as it was, for instance, in Scott's novels—in harmony with religion, the less religious feelings, views, institutions, and ceremonies are brought into fiction the better. The wholesale way of dealing with them adopted in the last century seems to us better than the analytical treatment of them at full length which has become fashionable lately—and this simply because it is wholesale, and the reader never feels that the discussion is brought too closely home to himself. The novels of Richardson and his contemporaries are, therefore, we think, very well worth studying by modern novel writers, and many most useful lessons may be learnt from them. But the way to learn from them is not to make ineffective and incomplete imitations of them, like the *Tin Box*, but to attempt to catch their spirit and to see what among the elements of their excellence are essential and permanent.

CUNNINGHAM'S CHURCH HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.*

MR. CUNNINGHAM is, we presume, one of those better-informed and more liberal-minded ministers who, as Dr. Tulloch tells us in his book which we lately reviewed, are becoming more common than formerly in the Scottish Presby-

* *The Church History of Scotland, from the Commencement of the Christian Era to the Present Century.* By the Rev. John Cunningham, Minister of Crieff. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Black.

terian Church. It might not be fair to judge a Minister of Crieff by the same standard by which we should judge a first-rate English or German scholar, or even a Principal of St. Mary's College; but, without asserting Mr. Cunningham to be a Milman or a Stanley, we can say, without hesitation, that he has done himself great credit by his two bulky volumes on the ecclesiastical history of his country. What strikes us at once as specially to be admired in Mr. Cunningham is his thorough fairness, his entire freedom from anything like sectarian narrowness. Its absence in Dr. Tulloch, when dealing with a wide subject of general history, we are not surprised at; but in Mr. Cunningham, engaged as he has been on the subject which of all others must have supplied the greatest temptations to it, it is even more honourable. He can do thorough justice to a mediæval Catholic, to a Presbyterian Dissenter, and even to a Scottish Episcopalian. He is no stickler for the divine right of Presbytery, or for the impeccability of Presbyterian saints and heroes. In short, we have seldom seen ecclesiastical history treated in a more thoroughly candid and moderate spirit. Mr. Cunningham has evidently given great thought and labour to his subject, and he has learned in the course of so doing to value truth for its own sake, and not to distort it for the benefit of any sect or party.

Scottish ecclesiastical history, however, though it has a kind of interest of its own, is not a very lively subject in itself, and Mr. Cunningham's treatment of it is not such as very greatly to enliven it. To a Scotsman we have no doubt it is intensely attractive; to an Englishman it is apt to seem rather dull and almost unintelligible, except when, now and then, it gets to be directly connected with the general history of the island. Everybody knows how Cardinal Beaton was murdered, and how Jenny Geddes threw her stool at the Dean of Edinburgh's head; but he is a conscientious reader and a patient one who can keep on with his attention unflagging from the Culdees to the Marrow Controversy. Only conceive any Church or nation exhausting its energies upon a "Marrow Controversy," having a theological party called "Marrow Men," and not seeming to find out that it made itself ridiculous by the very name! What the Marrow Controversy might be we have failed to find out. The Tulchan Episcopacy somewhat wearied our patience; but the Marrow Controversy plunged us into a dogmatic abyss in which we could find no standing-ground at all. Over all these points, from the beginning to the ending, Mr. Cunningham is very painstaking, very candid, and very grave; his comments, if sometimes a little commonplace, are always thoroughly just; but he is certainly not the man to make a dull subject more attractive. Some parts of the subject, we suspect, might have surpassed even Lord Macaulay's power to enliven; but even when the story is eminently interesting and exciting, there is nothing graphic or vigorous in Mr. Cunningham's way of treating it. Perhaps, after all, this is not a substantial fault. The brilliancy of a Macaulay or a Thierry might have led him now and then astray from his sound common sense and his austere impartiality.

We do not know whether we are hypercritical in wishing that Mr. Cunningham, in his style of writing, would be either a little more Scotch or a little less. The feeling is something like that excited by a modern Greek writing, which one wishes were either pure Attic or avowed Romic. We suppose nobody now writes broad Scotch, except by way of a rather heavy joke. If they did, we should say nothing against it. Broad Scotch is a fine old Teutonic dialect, in some respects more truly English than the English of the South. But Mr. Cunningham writes modern English, such as anybody else would write, only it is ever and anon interspersed with odd forms and expressions, which, in an avowed Scotch composition, would probably be quite in place, but which detract from the purity of one which is, for the most part, ordinary English. Some, we suspect, are Scottish law terms, used in that sort of metaphorical way in which we often use English law terms. Such, doubtless, is to "homologate," and such may be to "table;" but why "pled" for "pleaded"? or why say that the Lord High Commissioner "took ill"?—meaning not that he took anything in ill part, but that he became ill in his own body. Scottish ecclesiastical phrases, as "the Sacrament of the Supper," and sometimes "the Supper" alone, merely sound odd to English ears; but it is a real disfigurement to the book constantly to confound the first and last days of the week by calling Sunday "the Sabbath." This Mr. Cunningham pertinaciously does, even when talking of mediæval times. Thus, he quotes in a note the account of the death of King David I.—how he died "Die Dominica, qua Christi ascensionem præcedebat, id est, nono Kal. Junii illucescente;" but, in his text, this becomes "a Sabbath Morning in May!" Still more ludicrously, when speaking of the old controversy about the keeping of Easter, he quotes (p. 88) from Bede, in English, about "the first day after the Sabbath, which is now called the Lord's-day;" and yet, in his own account of the dispute, he continually calls the Lord's-day itself the Sabbath. Think of the horror of either side in the controversy could they hear what both of them would have understood as meaning that they kept Easter on Saturday!

The early and mediæval periods of Scottish ecclesiastical history are treated by Mr. Cunningham without any particular brilliancy or any signs of special research, but with that spirit of fairness and moderation which distinguishes the whole work. Mr. Cunningham does not, like so many Protestant writers, make it any part of his business to misrepresent or to run down the Church of the Middle Ages. Bishops and monks, and the

kings who fostered them, come in for their full share of credit for whatever was good in them. There is even very little of that patronizing sort of tone in which some people would acknowledge that here and there may have been a little glimmering of light before Calvin and Knox. In the earlier mediæval period, the reign of David and the foundation of bishoprics, chapters, and monasteries—and in the later period, the foundation of the universities—are both fairly and clearly dealt with. The Scottish universities, it should be remembered, were founded, while Oxford and Cambridge seem to have come of themselves—"self-created," like Robert Montgomery's lightning, though we trust not also, like that, "designless." Where did the Scottish universities get their peculiar form—that of St. Andrew's especially, with two, formerly three, colleges in one university, but colleges utterly unlike the English model, with no fellows or scholars in the Oxford and Cambridge sense? Or again, Aberdeen, with its two independent universities close to one another? These anomalies are more singular in comparatively late institutions, dating from particular founders, than if they had grown up in the immemorial universities of England. About the same time, in the fifteenth century, we find, as in England, monastic institutions getting out of both popular and Royal favour, and the stream of munificence diverted to the secular clergy in the form of collegiate churches. Contemporary also was the elevation of the sees of St. Andrew's and Glasgow to archiepiscopal rank—which, as Mr. Cunningham says, secured the ecclesiastical independence of Scotland by barring all claims of the Primate of York. Still, though this century shows a good deal of life in the Scottish Church, and though there were some excellent prelates, like Kennedy and Elphinstone, it is clear that the Scottish Church was altogether the most corrupt in Christendom. Nowhere were ecclesiastical preferences so scandalously misapplied, or the higher clergy less careful of the common decencies of their station. England, in its worst days, had nothing like it. The utter secularity of the Scottish prelates, the way in which bishoprics and abbacies became the common provision for royal or princely bastards, probably had a twofold effect at the period of the Reformation. On the one hand, the Church was far more unpopular than in England; the hierarchy fell with a far greater crash—there was destruction, in short, instead of reformation. On the other hand, it may help to account for the strange manner in which titles and revenues continued their existence in a lingering sort of way after the offices were really destroyed. In England no one proposed to abolish bishops, while abbots were utterly swept away. Men got grants of abbey lands, but they did not call themselves abbots. But in Scotland we find sham bishops and sham abbots going on—being, in fact, laymen holding the episcopal and abbatial lordships. The truth was, that in England the bishop or abbot, whether good or bad personally, really was a churchman, and affected the character of one. The Scottish prelate, meanwhile, had cast off almost all clerical character, and the lay commendator felt himself as much of a bishop or abbot as his nominally spiritual predecessor.

We cannot undertake to follow Mr. Cunningham through all the wonderful ups and downs of Scottish ecclesiastical history from the Reformation to the Revolution. Those parts which are really interesting—those where the people really come on the stage—are generally pretty well known. Everybody has some general notion of the Covenanters, if only from the novels of Scott. But the reign of James VI., the changes backwards and forwards, the Superintendents, the Tulchan Bishops, &c. &c., are really rather dreary and puzzling, and so are most things after the final triumph of Presbytery under William and Mary. But throughout Mr. Cunningham shows his characteristic fairness. He deals unsparingly enough with the interested intrigues of the Scottish nobles—even Knox and his fellows seem far from perfect angels on his canvas. He can even sympathize with Popish martyrs, and wax almost eloquent over their fate. One or two things, however, are worth marking more particularly. Now-a-days the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches appear to be distinguished more by the difference of their mode of worship than by the differences in their government. The Liturgy is even a greater stumbling-block than the Lord Bishop. To our mind, indeed, a system which lets the minister say just what he pleases, and reduces the whole laity into dumb dogs, seems a stronger development of priestcraft than ever entered the mind of Hildebrand. Yet somehow to the Presbyterian mind this seems to be liberty, while that system is accounted for bondage which makes the people fellow-worshippers with the priest instead of his mere passive hearers. It is something to know that the present Presbyterian worship, in its full development, is very modern indeed. The early Scottish Reformers had a Liturgy, but its use went gradually out; and the practice of reading the Scriptures, the lack of which seems so strange to an Englishman in a Presbyterian church, died out more gradually still. In 1638 the people objected not so much to a Liturgy as such, but to an English-made Liturgy, a supposed Popish Liturgy, a Liturgy which the folly of its introducers had taken every pains to render suspected beforehand. And from this follows the other curious fact that while the early Presbyterian Church had a Liturgy, the Episcopal Church in the times of its most cruel domination under Charles II. had none—none at least at all universally enforced. Another fact Mr. Cunningham brings forward is the local character of the Presbyterian movement. Long after the Revolution the episcopal ministers retained possession in many places in the North.

Sometimes, indeed, we hear of the "rabblings" being reversed, and of a priest being put into possession of a parish church by a triumphant episcopal mob. We suspect that, throughout, the real crime of episcopacy was that it was English—it implied a sort of degradation of the national honour. Elsewhere, in Wales and in Ireland, we find the Celtic population equally standing aloof from the English church, though in utterly opposite directions. In Scotland the Celts remained Episcopal, sometimes even Popish. The Highlander doubtless cared nothing about a thing being English—his enemy was the "Saxon" of the Lowlands. Consequently, to him, Presbytery was as much a sign of national bondage as Episcopacy was to the Lowlander. The whole story is very like that of some of the Eastern Churches. Episcopacy in the Lowlands, the Church of England in Wales and Ireland, is like the Orthodox Church in Egypt. The Scots and the Egyptians would not accept a discipline or a creed from England or from Constantinople. Considering that the Welsh Celt is Methodist, and the Irish Celt Popish, it is not unlikely that, had England been Presbyterian and Constantinople Monophysite, Scotland might have been the cherished land of Episcopal government, and the Copt of Egypt have been the most vigorous champion of the Orthodox faith.

The general tone of Mr. Cunningham's book is so thoroughly good and honourable to him, that we are not disposed to dwell invidiously on small occasional slips and signs of imperfect scholarship. We thank him heartily for his two volumes, and trust that Scotland contains many others like him.

ARUNDINES CAMI.*

IT is now somewhat trite to defend our established system of education for the upper classes against the attacks of utilitarianism. There is probably no point at which it is more frequently assailed than the practice of Greek and Latin metrical composition. We will not undertake altogether to determine whether this is the case because this is the weakest point of the system, or because it is that one the real strength of which is most concealed. Probably both reasons hold good to a certain extent. We fear that of the hundreds and thousands of boys between twelve and eighteen who are submitted to the perpetual drill of *aleaics* and *longs-and-shorts*, only a very small percentage derive any permanent benefit from the process, or indeed any benefit at all. On the other hand, to those who do gain anything from such an education, the benefit is much greater than is commonly supposed. We do not believe that a thorough and complete scholar can be manufactured by any other process. We believe that the Germans, who have the advantage over English scholars in many respects, would nevertheless be far better scholars than they are if this part of education were more attended to among them. But we also consider that this part of a classical education produces wider and more enduring results than can be comprised under the general description of making a man a scholar. For it plays a very important part in the development of taste. Perhaps it answers the same ends in masculine, as are served in feminine education by what are commonly called "accomplishments." Probably there is not a larger proportion of boys subjected to this process who are incapable of receiving any advantage from it than there is of young ladies who are compelled to go through a certain course of music and drawing without souls to appreciate either. If boys are forced to be poets, so are girls forced to be artists and musicians, and in either case equally against the will of Minerva. In the case of the former, indeed, a reason, or at all events an excuse, may be found which does not exist at all in the case of the latter, or at any rate exists only in a very inferior degree. Most parents and all mothers will doubtless pronounce it a very heartless reason, and so perhaps it is; but it may be defended by Bishop Butler's celebrated argument from the analogy between souls and seeds, which, by the way, is as old as the Second Book of Esdras. A good scholar can—in ordinary cases at least—only be produced in a large school. Exceptions will occur to the minds of all our readers; but we appeal to them whether, taking it all in all, the best scholars among their acquaintance have not been public-school men. In this department a first-rate article can only be turned out of a large manufactory. But, in order to produce such an article, we must have a great many inferior articles spoiled in the making. We are not unwilling to believe that a vast number of tender innocents are annually sacrificed to the grim Moloch of Latin hexameters and Greek iambs. The only compensation is that the few who pass unscathed through the fiery ordeal are so much the better for it as to repay the world with interest all that it has lost by the inappropriate and misdirected education of the many block-heads. We believe this to be the case, and that this furnishes the true justification of a classical education, and pre-eminently of the practice which we are now considering.

The modern practice of Latin verse-writing dates from the revival of letters. Vida and Sannazaro led the way. It was imported into England with the new learning in the sixteenth century. The founder of Trinity College, Oxford (an institution which dates from the reign of Philip and Mary, and which therefore came into existence at the very turning-point between

* *Arundines Cami sive Musarum Cantabrigiensium Lusui Canori*. Collegit atque edidit Henricus Drury, A.M., Prebendarius [sic] Sarisburiensis, Collegii Caiiani in Græcis ac Latinis Literis quondam Pælector. Editio Quinta. Cantab. 1860.

the old state of things and the new), expressly directs that his Scholars shall be *carmine heroico periti*. In recent times, the University of Cambridge has made verse composition an integral part of her educational system to a much greater extent than is the case at Oxford. At the latter famous seat of learning a man may attain to the highest classical honours without ever having succeeded in stringing together so much as a single nonsense pentameter. Perhaps the Oxford system is in that respect, as in some others, more liberal, as giving to its members a greater choice of the line of study which they are to pursue. But there is no doubt that a larger number of finished classical scholars are produced under the working of the Cambridge plan. This being the case, it is not to be wondered that Cambridge should have been first in the field with a collection of modern Greek and Latin verses, and should have produced a volume which is perhaps more successful, and which is certainly more popular, than Mr. Linwood's *Anthologia Oroniensis*. While the latter, to the best of our recollection, has not yet reached a second edition, we have before us the *Editio Quinta* of the *Cami Arundines*. It is almost needless to criticise a work which has been so long in the hands of the public—in fact, the public has taken the office of the critic out of the hands of the reviewer, by absorbing edition after edition. Nevertheless, we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that the learned editor did not, when he was preparing a new edition, seize the opportunity of making a few obvious improvements. In his preface to the second edition, published in 1843, Mr. Drury says:—

In altera editione pauca quedam quasi emerita carmina jam rude donavi; quorum in locum suffecta alia, multa denique emendata, inveniet lector curiosus.

Whenever an effectual demand for a sixth edition is created, we think that Mr. Drury would do well to submit his collection to a second scrutiny. Some of the translations are so felicitous, that it is scarcely fair to them to be found in company with several of those which go to make up the volume. Martial's description of his own epigrams may be applied to the *Arundines Cami*, but, happily, with a very material alteration—

Sunt bona, sunt quedam mediocria, sunt mala plura.

Change the place of *bona* and *mala* and you will have a complete account of Mr. Drury's anthology.

Nothing can be more excellent than some of the specimens. Those which seem to us to call most loudly for commendation are contributed by Dr. Kennedy, of Shrewsbury School, by Mr. Shilleto of Trinity, and by the learned historian of the *Romans under the Empire*. We will give a single specimen of each. The last eight verses of the following extract, by Dr. Kennedy, are (we really believe) the best in the book:—

Of in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone;
The cheerful hearts now broken.
When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!

Sæpe mihi, dum nox late silot, ante catena
Quam domitos sensus vinxerit alma quies,
Præteritos reparat inagica dulce sine soles
Mnemosyne, cupida sollicitata prece.
Omne redit, quidquid ridere aut flere solebam,
Quidquid est effari motus amore puer;
Qui nunc luce carent, oculi effulgere videntur;
Quæ periere, novo corda lepore micant.
Ah! quoties animo veteres reminiscor amicos,
Indelibata pectora juncta fide,
Quos ego, vix misero, vidi cecidisse superstes,
Ut folia hiberno flamine raptâ cadunt;
Deserta videor spatiari mæstus in aula,
Quam nuper festi perstrepuere chori;
Qua lychni sine luce manent, sine odore corollæ;
Et, de convivis tot modo, solus ego!

Mr. Merivale contributes the following graceful translation from Tennyson's *Lotos Eaters*:—

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each: but whose did receive of them
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seemed, yet all awake;
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.
They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon, upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of father-land,
And wife and child and slave; but evermore
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, "We will return no more;"
And all at once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

Quinetiam magica ramos de stirpe ferebant,
Floribus et fructu gravidos, et dulcia cuique
Dona dabant: quorum succo semel ore recepto,
Visa procul longis incassum anfractibus unda
Mugire incerpitans, et non sua litora plangi:
Et tenuis, sociorum aliquis si forte locutus,
Stridere vox, Lemurum velut imbecilla querela:
Et, licet insomnis, somno cogi inque pediri
Omnis: et, auditis tremulo modulamine fibris,
Suave sub arguto geminari pectore murmur.
Consedere omnes ad flavæ litus arena,
In medio Solis radios Lunæque tuentes;
Et patriæ dulcis, sobolisque irrepsit imago
Montibus, et veteris procul oblectamina vitæ.
Tædia mox pelagus, remi quoque tædia visi
Ingerere, et spumæ sterilis longissimus æstus;
Atque aliquis tandem "Non amplius ibimus," inquit:
Continuoque omnes, "Longe mare claudit ultra
Insula, nostra domus: non amplius ibimus," omnes.

Mr. Shilleto is great in comedy; as follows:—

FLAV. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

1 CIT. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

MAR. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, Sir; what trade are you?

2 CIT. Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

MAR. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 CIT. A trade, Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, Sir, a mender of bad soles.

MAR. What trade, thou knave, thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 CIT. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me; yet, if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

MAR. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 CIT. Why, Sir, cobble you.

FLAV. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 CIT. Truly, Sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather, have gone upon my handy work.

Φ. "Ἀπὶ οἰκᾶδ' ἐνθὲν, οἰκᾶδ', ἀργὰ θρίμματα
τήνδ' ἀγέθ' ἰορτήν; οὐδὲ γὰρ ἴστε τὸν νόμον,
γίνος δὲ βάνανσον, μὴ περιπατεῖν μηδεῖνα,
πλὴν ἐν γ' ἰορταῖς, τὸν ἀποροῦντα συμβόλου
τέχνην τιν' ἐπασκᾶ; φάθι σὺ μοι, τιν' ἔχεις τέχνην;

Πολ. Α. ἔγωγε τέκτων. Μ. ἐκθ' ὁ κανὼν ποῦ γῆς σίθεν
ἀπεστι; τὸ περιζῶμα ποῦ τὸ σκῦτινον;
τίς ὁ νόος; τί τὸ καλλώπισμα τῶν ἰσθημάτων;
οὗτος, σὺ πόθεν ζῆς; Πολ. Β. νῆ Δι', ἔνεκα διέσιον
σοφίας τεχνίτων γ', ὡς ἂν εἴποις, ὦν ῥαφίς.

Μ. τέχνην τιν' ἔχων; ἀτεχνῶς ἀποκρίναί μοι ταῦτ.

Πολ. Β. οἶαν γ' ἐπασκεῖν εἶναι τὸν ἀπλοῦν ἄνδρ' εἶχοναι.
ἀπλᾶς ὑποδίδται τις σαθράς; ἡγήσομαι.

Μ. τέχνην δὲ τιν' ἔχων, ὦ μαρῶν μαρῶτατε;

Πολ. Β. ἔχ' ἡπίος· πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, μὴ μοι 'κραγῆς·
εἰ δ' ἐκραγήσει, τὰ ῥαγίν' ἡγήσομαι.

Μ. τί δὲ μαθὼν τὰδ' εἶπας, ὦ παμμίαιε σὺ;

ἰτέον ἐμ' ἡγήσει σὺ; Πολ. Β. ναί, νευρορράφω.
νευρορράφος τις ἦσθ' ἄρ'. Πολ. Β. ἡ γὰρ κἂν μ' ἔργῳ
ὀπόθεν διαζῶ, ζῶντ' ἐμ' ἴσθ' ἀπ' ὀπητιῶν,
δντ' οὐ περιέρχον δημοτρογίς ἂν μέλγῃ,
οὐδ' ἂν γυναικίς, ἀλλ' ὅπως ἂν ὀπητιῶν.
δντως γὰρ ἱατρός εἰμι παλαιῶν ἐμβάδων,
ὥστ', εἰ τι πάθῃ τις, ἀνακίσσασθαι. εἶρμα δ' οὐδ'
εἰ τῷ τι βόειον ἤρμῳσιν καλῶ ποδοί,
ἐμὸν τὸ χειρουργήμ', ἰμός δ' ὁ καλόπους.

We must add another short translation which is nearly perfect: it is from the hand of the late Mr. George Kennedy:—

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst, that from the soul doth spring
Doth ask a draught divine;
But might I from Jove's nectar sip,
I'd change it not for thine.

Luminibus solis mihi, Lydia cara, propines;
Luminibus reddam mox ego, crede, vices:
Vel tantum admoto cyathum mihi tinge labello,
Et desiderium fugerit omne meri.
Scilicet, ex anima quæ fervida nascitur ima,
Non nisi divino est fonte levanda sitis;
Ast ego, donentur mihi si Jovis ipsa, recusem
Pocula: sunt labris illa secunda tuis.

To turn to less favourable criticism, we wish that in his hypothetical sixth edition Mr. Drury would begin by removing all the "Gammer Gurtens" from the compilation. What can be the use of inundating its pages with such rubbish as the following?—

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie:
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And cried, "What a good boy am I!"
Horner Iaculo sedit in angulo,
Vorans, ceu serias ageret ferias,
Crustum dulce et amabile:
Inquit et unum extrahens prunum;
"Horner, quam fueris nobile pueris
Exemplar imitabile!"

Poets, as Aristotle tells us, love their own productions as fathers do their children; and it might be a trial for Mr. Drury's parental affection to weed the collection of these rickety bantlings, as he is himself responsible for by far the greater number of them. Nevertheless we wish he would just nerve himself for the effort.

But in the more serious compositions there are many weak lines; and often a good deal of surplussage—

Sometimes
Kings are not more imperative than rhymes,

and a classical metre, though unrhymed, is on the whole more exigent even than the modern assonance. The translators seem in many instances to have made insertions merely to fill up the line. Examples of such superfluity occur in the fourth line of Dr. Kennedy's translation of Moore's lines quoted above, in the first four lines of Mr. Humphrey's version of Addison's 19th Psalm, in the third line of an otherwise successful rendering by Mr. Holden (in p. 309), and in the fourth verse of Mrs. Hemans' lines, "O, call my brother back to me," as translated by Mr. Drury himself. In other places the translator has given a totally different turn to the passage from anything that is warranted by the original. For example, in a translation of Tennyson's Ode to Maurice, by the new Head Master of Harrow, there is no equivalent for the "only" of the third line, whereby the entire stanza loses its principle of cohesion, the antithesis (in the original) obviously lying between the gossip of the magpie and that of the *bipes implume*. We should also doubt whether the Laureate intended such a roof of pine as would be rendered by *trabe pinea*. The fourth line of the following appears to us equally to distort the meaning:—

Oh happy shades—to me unblessed!
Friendly to peace, but not to me!
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And hearts that cannot rest, agree!

Vos, O felices umbræ, mihi gaudia nulla
Præbetis, quamvis vos amet ipsa quies:
Quam male conveniunt cor quod requiescere nescit,
Et locus ignavæ deditus ille moræ!

The metres do not in every case please us: to say nothing of those which are absolutely unclassical, they do not appear to be in every case the most appropriate that could be selected. The passage from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, in p. 257, would have run much better into elegiacs than into hexameters. *En revanche*, the prognostics in p. 177 should have been in hexameters, as a parody on the Georgics. The *Epistle to a Friend* (p. 332), which is turned into hendecasyllables by the editor, is not quite easy in that dress, in spite of its Catullian phraseology. But there are metrical errors of a graver character. There are no less than two hexameters possessing only five feet a-piece—viz., in pp. 261 and 315. The following distich, by Mr. Munro, of Trinity, who has contributed to the volume some of its chief ornaments, has puzzled us extremely. We refer it to those who are more learned in metres than ourselves:—

Nos multitudo præterit cotidie;
Quos ita præteritis non rursus intuebitur.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WASHINGTON.*

"THE men and women who were contemporary with Washington have nearly all passed away, and in a few years every tongue that might now speak of personal recollections of the Father of his Country will be silent, and that for ever." Such are the words in which the publishers recommend this attractive-looking volume to the American public. To a task of this kind, worthily executed, English sympathy would not be wanting. Time which, in Washington's own words, "changes men as well as things," has obliterated all those feelings which could tempt an Englishman to grudge Washington his fame. It has left nothing but the remembrance of that infatuated policy, the offspring of pride and ignorance, so stoutly supported by the King and by public opinion, which cost England this inglorious war—of the wise and eloquent warnings of Burke and Chatham—and of the two great men who alone rescued the Republican cause from the reproach of sinking under the jealousies and selfishness of its own adherents. The more we study the history of the American war, the less admiration can we bestow on the patriotism or capacity of the leading men on the Colonial side, and the greater, therefore, is the credit due to the rare firmness and integrity of Washington. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," is no unmeaning epitaph on one who, in resource and fortitude, was not inferior to Wellington—whom our own most eloquent historian places, alone with Hampden, in the highest rank of political virtue—and whose memory is already invested with that fond veneration which, at the distance of a thousand years, still clings to the name of Alfred. Never was there a man less American in habits and character than Washington; yet never, we may safely predict, will another arise to rob Washington of his first place in the hearts of the American nation.

The late Mr. Custis united many qualifications for the office of Washington's biographer. We learn from the desultory, and

somewhat vulgar, sketch of his life prefixed to the present work, that he was grandson of Mrs. Washington by her first husband—that his father, Washington's ward and favourite, died of camp-fever immediately after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown—and that he was ever after treated by Washington as his own child. His sister Eleanor, adopted at the same time, "married Lawrence Lewis, the favourite nephew of General Washington." Born in 1781, Mr. Curtis does not describe the scenes of the American Revolution from personal knowledge, but he had the best opportunities of observing the conduct and character of Washington during his Presidency and retirement at Mount Vernon. We cannot say that these appear to us to have been turned to the best account. Most of the sketches which are now for the first time worked up into a volume were originally published in the *National Intelligencer* and *National Gazette*, and, besides the incessant repetition of particular facts incident to the republication of scattered essays, exhibit a remarkable want of discrimination between that which is interesting and that which is tiresome. The anecdotes are often very prosy, and occupy several pages each; the chapters, and even the events in each chapter, are arranged with a total disregard of chronological order; the minor occurrences of the Revolution are treated with as much fulness as its main turning-points; the figure of Washington appears cramped and hustled among the crowd of nobodies that are grouped around him, and elaborately dull biographical notices of these heroes, in the form of foot-notes, mar the unity of the narrative. Many of these objections are, no doubt, due to the American practice of over-editing books, and introducing to the reader every person named, including the editor, till one is puzzled to remember who is the original vouchee of the whole series of authorities. Still we cannot but attribute much of the confusion and indistinctness of outline, to the unbusinesslike mind of Mr. Custis. One of the most interesting parts of the book is his correspondence (when at college) with Washington, conducted on both sides in the terms of old-fashioned gravity. We recognise the prescient discernment of the grandfather in the following sentence, addressed to young Custis' tutor. "As there seems to be in this youth an unconquerable indolence of temper, and a dereliction, in fact, to all study, it must rest with you to lead him in the best manner, and by the easiest modes you can devise, to the study of such useful acquirements as may be serviceable to himself, and eventually beneficial to his country."

We are not aware that these "Recollections" throw any new light on the age of Washington. So little do they serve the purpose of a narrative of the war, that we cannot find in Mr. Custis's own pages any mention of the battle of Bunker's Hill, or of the capture of General Burgoyne. Nor do they display the workings of Washington's mind during its transition from loyalty to republicanism—if indeed the author of the "Farewell Address" can be called a Republican. But they contain spirited, and, we must add, impartial descriptions of one or two of the few engagements that can properly be called battles, and give an interesting idea of Washington's relation to his officers and soldiers. The field of Monmouth was one of the severest possible trials to a general's presence of mind. A surprise planned by the Americans had been turned into a rout of the assailants, and a conviction of General Lee's treachery, against which he had been secretly warned, wrung from Washington the only oath which he is recorded to have uttered. The following is Mr. Custis's account of the close of the battle:—

The General-in-Chief now set himself in earnest about restoring the fortunes of the day. He ordered Colonel Stewart and Lieutenant-Colonel Ramsay, with their regiments, to check the advance of the enemy, which service was gallantly performed; while the General, in person, proceeded to form his second line. He rode, on the morning of the 28th of June, and for that time only during the war, a white charger, that had been presented to him. From the overpowering heat of the day, and the deep and sandy nature of the soil, the spirited horse sank under his rider, and expired on the spot. The chief was instantly remounted upon a chesnut blood-mare, with a flowing mane and tail, of Arabian breed, which his servant Billy was leading. It was upon this beautiful animal, covered with foam, that the American General flew along the line, cheering the soldiers in the familiar and endearing language ever used by the officer to the soldier of the Revolution, of "Stand fast, my boys, and receive your enemy; the southern troops are advancing to support you."

The person of Washington, always graceful, dignified, and commanding, showed to peculiar advantage when mounted; it exhibited, indeed, the very *beau idéal* of a perfect cavalier. The good Lafayette, during his last visit to America, delighted to discourse of the "times that tried men's souls." From the venerated friend of our country we derived a most graphic description of Washington and the field of battle. Lafayette said, "At Monmouth I commanded a division, and, it may be supposed, I was pretty well occupied; still I took time, amid the roar and confusion of the conflict, to admire our beloved chief, who, mounted on a splendid charger, rode along the ranks amid the shouts of the soldiers, cheering them by his voice and example, and restoring to our standard the fortunes of the fight. I thought then as now," continued Lafayette, "that never had I beheld so superb a man."

Washington's love of horses was characteristic of the man. We may suspect the literal accuracy of the story about his boyish victory over a Bucephalus so violent that it burst its heart in the struggle, and we scarcely believe that Mr. Rarey himself would "ridicule the idea of its being even possible that he would be unhorsed, provided the animal kept on his legs." But Washington was unquestionably a first-rate horseman, rode well up to his hounds, and was a very martinet in the management of his stables:—

The President's stables in Philadelphia were under the direction of German John, and the grooming of the white chargers will rather surprise the

* *Recollections and Private Memoirs of Washington*. By his Adopted Son, George Washington Parke Custis; with a Memoir of the Author by his Daughter, and Illustrative and Explanatory Notes by Benson J. Lossing. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1860.

moderns. The night before the horses were expected to be ridden they were covered entirely over with a paste, of which whitening was the principal component part; then the animals were swathed in body-cloths, and left to sleep upon clean straw. In the morning the composition had become hard, was well rubbed in, and curried and brushed, which process gave to the coats a beautiful, glossy, and satinlike appearance. The hoofs were then blacked and polished, the mouths washed, teeth picked and cleaned; and, the leopard-skin housings being properly adjusted, the white chargers were led out for service. Such was the grooming of ancient times.

We are induced to believe that the most popular chapters in the whole book will be those on the "Mother of Washington," and those describing his personal appearance, and his manner of life at Mount Vernon. It is impossible not to attribute the Roman simplicity of Washington's character in great part to the influence of her who could reply to enthusiastic congratulations—"But, my good sirs, here is too much flattery; still George will not forget the lessons I early taught him—he will not forget himself, though he is the subject of so much praise." To Lafayette she said, in a parting interview, "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy." And yet her son was one in whom his contemporaries, as well as posterity, recognised the fulfilment of the famous "Indian prophecy" on the Kanawha River:—"The Great Spirit protects that man, and guides his destinies—he will become the chief of nations, and a people yet unborn will hail him as the founder of a mighty empire."

We confess to closing these "Recollections" with some disappointment. Doubtless they possess, from their authenticity, considerable value, but they are neither in quantity nor in quality such as we should have expected from what the author assures us is a "memory of no ordinary power," exercised upon its favourite subject for a period of fifty years. The style is loose and rather bombastic. It is full of tawdry and "uncalled-for" compliments to persons incidentally mentioned. Lee's history of the war in the Southern States is classed with Caesar's Commentaries. Colonel William Washington is said to have earned the title of "the modern Marcellus," while a Mrs. Stockton, we are told, "was familiarly called *duchess*, from her elegance and dignity of manners." Washington himself is paraphrastically spoken of as "the father of his country," "the Pater Patriæ," "the admirable man," "the man of mighty labours," "the illustrious farmer of Mount Vernon." Justice, however, compels us to admit that this power of fulsome expression is not exclusively employed for purposes of adulation, but sometimes finds vent in rating the Americans soundly for their ingratitude to their benefactors.

It is worth while to read through most of the very heterogeneous Appendix, if it be only for the contrast between the practical letters and "agricultural directions" of Washington, and the turgid funeral orations of his grandson. It is strange that the same nation should equal the English in commercial shrewdness and energy, and excel the French in demonstrative extravagance of sentiment. To correct the vulgarity of character which threatens to result from the fusion of these two elements, should be the aim of the educators and moralists of modern America.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

AFTER an interval of nearly eight years, Dr. Weil has again resumed his *History of the Caliphs*.* He had conducted it as far as the fall of the Caliphate of Bagdad, and now proposes, in a second section of the work, to follow the fortunes of the remaining Caliphs till the taking of Tunis transferred their dignity and what remained of their rights to the Ottoman Sultan. But, in truth, this portion of Mohammedan history is only nominally a history of the Caliphs. Their ancient prerogatives were entirely overshadowed by the growing power of the Sultans. Accordingly, it is with the career of the Sultans that this part of Dr. Weil's labours is principally concerned. The present volume deals with the domination of the Bahrite Mamelukes, and is chiefly occupied by their wars against the Mongols, who had driven the Caliphs from Bagdad, and the remnants of the crusading armies which still occupied considerable districts in Syria. It covers the period of about a century and a half, beginning from the year 1258 A.D. It cannot be called an interesting era, though it was pregnant with important results. It was one of those periods of utter confusion which commonly follow the breaking-up of the transitory dynasties of the East. The throne of Bagdad had passed away, and the throne of Constantinople had not been set up; and, during the interval between these two more stable Governments, the history of the Mohammedan countries consists of the varying struggles and inextricable vicissitudes of the successive adventurers who contrived to master this or that portion of the vast dominion. The deeds of this period are little more than a series of objectless barbarities, and the most tenacious memory can scarcely retain distinctly the rapid succession of unconnected actors who come upon the scene and quit it again without leaving any trace behind except a catalogue of crimes. Dr. Weil is not the man to make that fascinating which is naturally repulsive. He is almost the first pioneer in this tangled history, and the labour of research—chiefly in MS. authorities of uncertain value—has left him neither time nor taste for the graces of composition. In fact, he admits that he looks upon any concession to a reader's

weak love of entertainment as a treachery to his duties. We can only hope that some lighter and more skilful hand may find it worth while to manufacture the rugged products of his industry into a marketable commodity. He often throws gratuitous hindrances in his reader's way. Of course, if he were drawing a declaration in an action of slander, it might be necessary to recite again and again the interminable names of his Oriental heroes, but in a history a judicious economy of Arabic titles would have been forgiven. What would he think of a German history in which the dozen names of each German Prince were pitilessly reiterated. It is still more difficult to understand what end he could have proposed to himself in using the Hegira instead of the ordinary era for his dates.

The *Life of the Prince of Coburg** is another production fitter for those who read that they may write than for those who read that they may enjoy. There is nothing so purely technical in its interest as the description of military operations; and in the Prince of Coburg's life there is absolutely nothing else to describe. And they are not the military operations of a conqueror. Even a civilian may be attracted by their brilliant results to plod through the strategic history of Napoleon's campaigns; but it can only be a military student of very high enthusiasm who will care to pore over the achievements of a great master of failure like the Prince of Coburg. He began his career with the Seven Years' War, and he ended it with the luckless campaigns in Flanders against the armies of the Revolution; and fighting on both occasions on the Austrian side, he met the fortune which usually attends the efforts of that great military Power. Yet the present volumes have their value as a portion of the materials for some future history of the great Revolutionary epoch which are being gradually unsealed by the lapse of time, and by the disappearance of those whom indiscreet revelations might affect. Their contents repose in part upon researches among the collections of London, Paris, and other places, which have been long open to all the world. But their chief and almost only value consists in their being mainly founded on the archives which have been opened to the author for the first time by the reigning Duke. The author is a military man holding a rank which it takes two lines of closely printed German to describe, and which, from its being at once Royal, Imperial, and Ducal, we must presume to be exalted. The work is exactly of the sort that ought to issue from an altitude such as this. As a rule, it is stiffly professional; and when it is forced to relax for a moment, and to touch on matters of mere civilian interest, it avoids any word that might wound a courtier's feelings, or disturb any placid belief in the virtue of petty German Princes, and the loyal contentment of petty German dukedoms.

Assuredly no such courtliness infects the style of Dr. Reuchlin's† History of the Italian convulsions of 1848. It is an impartial and independent description, executed with Germany accuracy, but not distorted by any German prejudices. It is a portion of a general history of modern Italy, and will be shortly followed by a continuation that will bring the course of events down to the present time. It is scarcely possible absolutely to unravel the diplomatic complications of that eventful year, but Dr. Reuchlin has done more for them than any other writer with whom we are acquainted. Perhaps it may startle us a little to hear that "Lord Minto saw very deep into the nature of things," and to wonder why he kept that valuable perceptive faculty exclusively for the benefit of foreign lands. But, at all events, we may be reconciled by the indication which the remark affords, that the author has no sympathy with that incessant railing at England which is the favourite fashion with French and Austrian writers. The whole tone of the book is more favourable to English policy than we are accustomed to meet with in any language but our own. A most interesting portion of the work is the explanation which it gives of the social and material condition of North Italy at the beginning of 1848. It is interesting to notice how much in this, as in every part of Europe, political disturbance was the result of a failing harvest.

The *Origin of Mythology*,‡ by Dr. Schwartz, is a very learned work, written with the object of tracing home the various fables of Greek and German mythology to the operations of nature of which they are the symbols. The theory, of course, is anything but new, though Dr. Schwartz seems half to fancy that it is; but a systematic digest of all known Indo-Germanic myths for the purpose of applying the theory to them, is a valuable contribution towards the proof of it. The author makes one remark upon the result of his research into the unifying attributes and deeds of the deities his ancestors worshipped, which deserves to be weighed by modern ethnologists. Ordinary men find it difficult to believe, and scientific men have formulated the misgiving, that the more degraded races, such as the Papuan, can ever have had a common origin with ourselves. Their condition has nothing in common, not only with modern progress, but with the civilization enjoyed by the most remote of our progenitors whose mode of life is disclosed to us by the dawn of history. But Dr. Schwartz remarks that mythology contains a chronicle of culture older than the oldest

* *Prinz Friedrich Josias von Coburg-Saalfeld*. Von A. von Witzleben. 3 Theile. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams and Norgate. 1859.

† *Geschichte Italiens*. Zweiter Theil. Erste Abtheilung. Von Dr. H. Reuchlin. Leipzig: Hirzel. 1860.

‡ *Der Ursprung der Mythologie*. Von Dr. F. Schwartz. Berlin: Hertz, London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

* *Geschichte des Abbasidenkalifats in Egypten*. Von Dr. G. Weil. Vol. I. Stuttgart: Meier. 1860.

history we can find. We have no historic record of the condition of the race among whom the germs of Indo-Germanic religion first began to sprout; but we have that record, brutal and degrading enough, in the qualities they imputed to the gods whom they invented to personify the phenomena of nature.

A pretty drawing-room-table book on the field sports of Germany, from the pen of Von Kobell,* has been published by Cotta of Stuttgart, embellished with all the costliness and finish for which that firm are celebrated. Most of its merit consists necessarily in the beauty of its engravings; but the accompanying text is lively and amusing, and ought to dissipate the popular English notion that sporting enthusiasm or sporting slang is a monopoly of our own. One conspicuous difference between the sportsmanship of the two nations is prominently brought out by the names of princely sportsmen and the records of princely hunts with which the book literally bristles. Sporting has been more popular among the Courts of Germany than among the gentry (if, indeed, that term will bear to be transplanted), and remained so till a late period, in consequence, no doubt, of the rigour of the old feudal forest laws. One courtly variety of fox-hunting has certainly never found its way into England. The mere recital of it is enough to disturb Mr. Assheton Smith in his grave. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries an amusement came into vogue in the more luxurious Courts called fox-tossing, which was recommended above other sorts of sport by the fact that it could be done at home, and by ladies and gentlemen together. It was carried on in this wise. An arena was prepared deep in sand, with galleries round it. In the galleries sat the Court, and into the arena walked a number of ladies and gentlemen, in couples as for a dance, each couple holding one end of a long, wide band made of rope. Each couple took its place in the middle of the arena, the lady and gentleman standing at some distance from each other, and holding the rope loosely between them. As soon as they were ready, an attendant came up to each and let loose a bagged fox or hare, driving it over the centre of the rope as the latter lay in the sand. The sport was to twitch up the rope at the exact moment the poor brute was passing over it, and to send him twirling high into the air; and there was great emulation between the several couples in the certainty and the grace with which the feat was performed. Sometimes the animal came down unhurt, and then he had to run again; but he generally broke his back, and therefore the expenditure of hares and foxes in this genteel pastime was immense. At Dresden, under Augustus the Strong, there were tossed on one occasion no less than 414 foxes, 281 hares, besides otters and polecats. The entertainment was usually concluded by letting loose a number of wild porkers into the arena, in order that the Court might divert itself with the noise they made in finding their way in and out of the ladies' hoops.

Dr. Müller, of Nuremberg, has commenced an interesting History of German Coins.† He complains that numismatics have been treated too much as a *dilettante* pursuit, or at best as a mere branch of antiquarian collection; whereas coins, if the changes in their value be carefully investigated, contain the key to a nation's commercial progress. On the strength of this theory, he proceeds to give a history of coins, which incidentally includes an erudite discussion of the material condition of the ancient Germans in every point of view. The present volume only brings the history down as far as the time of Otho, two more being promised to complete it up to the present day. The book is full of close historical research, and deserves to be read by other than numismatists.

A very exhaustive description of the Azores,‡ together with an atlas of well-executed plates, has been published by Engelmann of Leipzig. The author, George Hartung, explored the islands mainly with a geological object. He had worked previously under Heer and Lyell in Madeira and the Canaries, and he wished to extend to the volcanic formations of the Azores the investigation to which Lyell appears to have subjected the other islands, and the results of which it is dimly intimated we shall some day have in England. The greater portion of the book is therefore devoted to an examination of the material and the shape of the volcanic masses; and some progress is made in the apparently hopeless task of classifying the forms of the hills. But other objects of a traveller's attention are not wholly neglected. There is a chapter on the meteorology of the islands, and another on the botany, as well as a brief narrative of travellers' adventures.

A *Summer's Trip to Tripolis*§ is a less laborious performance. So far from groaning under the abundance of his material, the author seems to have been in great difficulties for want of that necessary assistance to an author's powers. The trip to Tripolis was undertaken for the purpose of writing an account of the American attack, in the year 1801, upon the pirate States of the Mediterranean. The author's motive for undertaking this subject was the similarity in the condition of the American navy before

this exploit to that of the German navy at this moment. But this similarity appears to have consisted exclusively in the fact that in neither case was there any navy of any kind. This patriotic analogy, however, can only account for a small portion of the book; for, before we get to Africa at all, we have read through more than half the volume. In fact, a large part of it consists of a description of Malta and an abridgment of Maltese history. The author writes with a lively and easy style—it is a pity he should employ it on such audacious bookmaking.

We have two or three novels before us, but it is a very hopeless task to recommend German novels to English readers. They are too respectable for a foreign sale. They want the high flavour which will alone tempt a novel-reader to undertake the laborious mastication of foreign dainties. *Auf Deutscher Erde** has the passport of a well-known name and a patriotic title. It consists of a series of tales, not furnished with any very exciting plot, but flowingly and pleasantly told. The stories are rather too much helped out by long autobiographies on the part of the chief characters, which, though recognised of old as an epic resource, is apt to be tiresome in a novel. They are of the quiet domestic style, such as in England would be written by a lady, bound in one volume, and looked upon as innocent recreation by people whose principles do not allow them to read novels. They are, at all events, more likely to be popular than *Galileo Galilei*,† which is an impudent imposture that every novel-reader is bound to resent. There is nothing more irritating than to take up a professing work of fiction, and to discover that it is meant to instruct you and do you good. This so-called romance is nothing but a narrative of the philosopher's trials, and an exposure of Papal enormities in the sheep's clothing of an historical novel. Even this, however, is more tolerable than that eccentric vagary of musical enthusiasm which goes by the name of the musical novel.‡ Because we admire the music of Handel and Sebastian Bach, it by no means follows that we should wish to know how Handel behaved at Court, or how Sebastian Bach made love. *Faustina Hasse* contains a great deal of musical history and musical gossip connected with the times of these two great composers; which, if authentic, must have required considerable labour to collect. But our faith in its accuracy is sorely tried by the information that Handel performed at a Court concert in Buckingham Palace. Even Buckingham House, the predecessor of the Palace, did not become Royal property till two years after Handel's death.

* *Auf Deutscher Erde*. Von E. Hofer. Stuttgart: Krabbe. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

† *Galileo Galilei*. Ein Geschichtlicher Roman von Mathilde Raven. Leipzig: Brockhaus.

‡ *Faustina Hasse*. Musikalischer Roman von Elise Polko. Leipzig: Schlicke. 1860.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FRENCH PLAYS.

ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, King Street, St. James's. Lessee, Mr. F. B. CHATTEARTON. FIRST SEASON OF THE FRENCH PERFORMANCES, under the direction of Mons. ADRIAN TALESY.

Mons. TALESY has the honour to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that he has concluded arrangements to insure a permanent First-class French Dramatic Entertainment at the ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE. He respectfully submits the programme for the First Season, which is about to commence, and hopes that the selection of the following distinguished Artists will be considered sufficient evidence of the care and attention devoted to the undertaking.

The following eminent Artists from the principal theatres of Paris, will make their appearance during the Season:—

Mlle. DELUNE FIZ, Sociétaire du la Comédie Française—will appear in most of the characters which have contributed to her great popularity and brilliant career, and among others in *Qui Femme a, Guerre à—Par droit de Conquête, &c.*

Mlle. ADELÉ PAGÉ, Premier Sujet du Théâtre de l'Ambigu; Créera; Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre; La Sirène de Paris; Un Secret.

Mlle. DUVERGER, Premier Sujet du Théâtre de la Gaîté; Créera; La Tentation; Le Cheveu Blanc-La Lectrice-Les Femmes Terribles.

Mlle. MARIE BASFA, Première Soubrette—Déjazet—Travestie—Créera; La Paratonnerre, Les Amours de Cécopâtre. And Madame DOCHÉ.

M. GÖT, Sociétaire de la Comédie Française; Créera; Le Duc Job—La Fin du Roman—Dominique le Possédé; Le Mariage de Figaro.

M. BRINDEAU, Sociétaire de la Comédie Française; Créera; La Tentation; Le Père Prodigue—Le Fils de Famille; Le Feu au Couvent.

M. LECLERE, Premier Sujet du Théâtre des Variétés; Créera; Les Amours de Cécopâtre; Les Mystères d'été—Deux Anges Gardiens—Les Princesses de la Rampe.

M. PAUL DEVAUX, Jeune Premier Rôle du Théâtre de la Gaîté.

M. A. MICHEL, Premier Sujet du Théâtre des Variétés; Créera; L'Auberge des Adrets—Le Roman aux Neuf Femmes.

M. CADAUX, Chef d'Orchestre, Auteur, Des deux Jackets—des deux Gentilshommes et de Colette.

M. LAMBERT EDNERY, Administrateur du Théâtre Royal de Berlin et du Théâtre Impérial de Vienne. Directeur de la Scène; Administrateur Général.

The permanent troupe will be on the most complete scale, and will comprise many of the most eminent Artists of the Parisian Theatres.

Prices of Admission.—Stalles d'Orchestre, 7s. 6d.; Stalles de Balcon, 5s.; Parterre, 3s.; Galleries, 1s.

Private Boxes from Two Guineas upwards.

The Season will consist of Sixty Nights commencing on Monday, May the 25th, 1860.

Private Boxes and Terms of Subscription may be obtained at the Box-Office of the Theatre, at the Libraries and Booksellers.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FLOWER SHOW.—The GREAT

EXHIBITION OF PLANTS, FLOWERS, AND FRUITS this season will be held on SATURDAY, May 25th. Open at Twelve. Admission by Two Guinea Season Tickets, free; One Guinea ditto, on payment of Half-a-Crown; Day Tickets, 7s. 6d., or if purchased before the day, 5s. each. These are now ready at the Crystal Palace; at 5, Exeter Hall; or may be had by order of the usual Agents.

THE ENTRIES CLOSE ON MAY 10th. Schedules can be had on application to Mr. W. HOUZEOT, Secretary to the Show.

* *Wildanger, Skizzen aus dem Gebiete der Jagd und ihrer Geschichte*. Von F. von Kobell. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams and Norgate. 1859.

† *Deutsche Münzgeschichte*. Von Dr. J. H. Müller. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

‡ *Die Azoren in ihrer Äusseren Erscheinung und nach ihrer Geognostischen Natur*. Geschildert von G. Hartung. Nebst einem Atlas. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

§ *Eine Sommerreise nach Tripolis*. Von W. Heine. Berlin: Hatz. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

CONCERT BY THE BLIND.—Hanover-square Rooms, TUESDAY, JUNE 5th. Under the most distinguished patronage. ORCHESTRA OF THIRTY-FIVE BLIND MUSICIANS—CHOIR OF FIFTY BLIND SINGERS. Particulars will be duly announced.

MUSICAL UNION.—THEODORE RITTER, Pianist, from Paris, will make his DEBUT at the FOURTH MATINEE, TUESDAY, May 26th. PIATTI will also play a New Solo, and SAINTS FIRST Violin. "Theodore Ritter, a prodigy nine years ago, is now a matured artist et de plus un grand virtuose."—BERLIOZ. The Programme will include SCHUBERT's Trio in E flat, and Solos for the Piano-forte. No Artists will be admitted in future without a Ticket signed by J. ELIA, Director.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC. NOW OPEN every Night but Saturday, at Eight o'clock, and Tuesday and Saturday Afternoons, at Three o'clock. Stalls, 2s., which can be taken at the Box-office, Egyptian Hall, daily, from Eleven till Five; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FIFTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dark. Admission 1s. Catalogue, 6d. JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

MESSRS. DICKINSON'S EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS AND MINIATURES is NOW OPEN. Admission by Address Cards.—114, New Bond-street.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.—The TRIUMPHANT MEETING OF HAYLOCK, OUTRAM, and Sir COLIN CAMPBELL.—This great Picture by T. J. BARKER, from Drawings and Pictures taken expressly at Lucknow by EGOR LUNDGREN, is NOW ON VIEW at the LUCKNOW GALLERY (Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons), 5, Waterloo-place, Fall-mall, from Ten to Six o'clock.

JERUSALEM.—TWO GRAND PICTURES by SELOUS. Each 12 feet by 8 feet, containing more than 200 special points of interest. 1. "Jerusalem in her Grandeur, A.D. 33, with Christ's Triumphant Entry into the Holy City." 2. "Jerusalem in her Fall, as now viewed from the Mount of Olives." The above Pictures are NOW ON VIEW at Messrs. LEGG, ART, HAYWARD, and LEGGATT'S, 78, Cornhill. Open daily, from Nine to Six o'clock, Free.

MR. CHARLES RUNDT, Painter to His Majesty the King of Prussia, has to announce to the Friends of Art in London that he has just arrived from Italy, after a residence there of thirty years, with STUDIES of the finest CATHEDRAL INTERIORS in SICILY, NAPLES, ROME, and VENICE, to which he invites their attention between the hours of Two to Six P.M.—14, Golden-square.

GERMAN READING-PARTY IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS.—Apply for particulars to X, care of Messrs. R. GRANT and SONS, 51, Princes-street, Edinburgh.

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THE PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS AND NATURAL SCIENCE in ST. DAVID'S COLLEGE, LAMPETER (M.A. Cam., and Prebendary of St. David's), purposes spending the ensuing Long Vacation in Germany, and wishes to meet with TWO or THREE PUPILS preparing for the Universities or the Military Examinations.

ARMY, INDIA CIVIL SERVICE, &c., EXAMINATIONS.—A Military Tutor, who has several Candidates for the above reading with him for the next Examination, will be happy to meet with others, resident or non-resident. His Establishment can be highly recommended for its discipline and efficiency by persons of very high standing, whose Sons have passed distinguished Examinations. One of them obtained nearly the highest number of marks at the India Civil Service Examination last year. The best Masters in every branch of Education are in attendance, and the House Library and general management afford every facility for rapid progress, without having recourse to "cranking."—Apply to Mr. SPRAGUE, M.A., 12, Princes-square, Baywater, W.

"DOUCEUR" will be given by the Advertiser, who has been some years in India, and is now procuring him a SITUATION as CLERK, STOREKEEPER, or in any similar capacity.—Address to M. P., care of Messrs. NELSON and CO., 104, Fleet-street, E.C.

TO LOVERS OF ANTIQUITIES.—TO BE SOLD, an old OAK DEED CHEST or CABINET, in perfect preservation, containing Forty-five Drawers; constructed in the Reign of William the Conqueror. To be seen at Messrs. DAVIES and HURTS', Office for Patents, No. 1, Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn.

THE GREAT EASTERN FOR NEW YORK.—The Great Ship Company (Limited) intend dispatching the steam-ship, GREAT EASTERN, J. VINE HALL, Commander, from Southampton, for NEW YORK, on SATURDAY, the 9th of June. Three Hundred first-class passengers only will be taken, at an uniform fare of £25 each, including steward's fee, but without wines or liquors, which can be obtained on board. Return tickets will be issued at the rate of £20.—For passage and other information, apply to the GREAT SHIP COMPANY (Limited), 11, King William-street, London, E.C.; or, to SEYMOUR, PEACOCK, and CO., 110, Fenchurch-street, E.C.

MARRIAGE WITH A WIFE'S SISTER.—MARRIAGE LAW DEFENCE ASSOCIATION. All Persons opposed to legalizing Marriage with a Wife's Sister, can obtain FORMS of PETITIONS to both Houses of Parliament, prepared for signature, post free, from Mr. W. M. TROLOPE, Secretary, 41, Parliament-street, S.W. Contributions and subscriptions to the Marriage Law Defence Association are earnestly invited, to enable it effectually to fulfil the objects for which it was instituted. Crossed Cheques and Post-office Orders may be made payable to the Secretary, as above. The Association consists of all Persons making a Donation of not less than One Guinea, or an Annual Subscription of not less than Five Shillings.

HYDROPATHY.—THE BEULAH SPA HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, Upper Norwood, replete with every comfort, within twenty minutes' walk of the Crystal Palace, is OPEN for the reception of Patients and Visitors. The situation, in the midst of a densely populated but poor neighborhood, was rebuilt in 1849, and has accommodation for forty patients; but the funds at the disposal of the charity are very low, and it is for this reason impossible to extend the benefits of the Hospital to the extent desirable. The AID of the CHARITABLE PUBLIC is therefore earnestly solicited. The Hospital is open for the inspection of Ladies and others daily. Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by Messrs. HOARE and CO., Fleet-street; or at the Hospital.

LONDON FEVER HOSPITAL, ISLINGTON.—ESTABLISHED 1802.—TWO HUNDRED BEDS. President.—The Right Hon. LORD MONTEAGLE. Cases of Fever of every kind, and in all stages of malignity, occurring in the Families of the Poor, or among the Domestic of the Affluent, are received into the Hospital at all hours. FUNDS are PRESSINGLY NEEDED. Money may be paid to the Treasurer, Messrs. HOARE and CO., Fleet-street; or to the Secretary, at the Hospital.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, WEST STRAND.—The Governors, with an anxious desire to maintain this Hospital in full efficiency, most earnestly SOLICIT the ASSISTANCE of the Benevolent, and they beg to state that its chief support is from Voluntary Subscriptions and the Legacies of deceased Benefactors. Donations are thankfully received by the Secretary, at the Hospital; and by Messrs. COURTIS, Messrs. DRUMMONDS, and Messrs. HOARE, and through all the principal Bankers. JOHN ROBERTSON, Hon. Sec.

BRITISH LYING-IN HOSPITAL, Endell-street, Long-acre (Established 1740).—This old-established Institution has been the means of affording succor and relief in the hour of travail to upwards of 4,000 poor married women. The Hospital, situated in the midst of a densely populated but poor neighborhood, was rebuilt in 1849, and has accommodation for forty patients; but the funds at the disposal of the charity are very low, and it is for this reason impossible to extend the benefits of the Hospital to the extent desirable. The AID of the CHARITABLE PUBLIC is therefore earnestly solicited. The Hospital is open for the inspection of Ladies and others daily. Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by Messrs. HOARE and CO., Fleet-street; or at the Hospital.

SHANK'S NEW PATENT LAWN MOWING, ROLLING, COLLECTING, and DELIVERING MACHINE for 1860.—Mows the grass, wet or dry, on lawns, uneven or otherwise, in a much neater manner than the scythe, at half the expense. Sole Agents for London: J. B. BROWN and CO., 18, Cannon-street, City, E.C.

IRON HURDLES, continuous round and flat Bar Fencing, Iron and Wire Fencing, Carriage and Field Gates, Wire Netting, Fencing Wire, &c. J. B. BROWN and CO., 18, Cannon-street, City, E.C.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH.—USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY, and pronounced by HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESSES to be the FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED. Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c., &c.—WOTLESPOON and CO., Glasgow and London.

DR. DE JONGH'S
(Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium)
LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,
Administered with the greatest success in cases of
CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM,
GOUT, GENERAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE SKIN,
RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

Extensive experience, and the recorded testimony of numerous eminent medical practitioners, prove that a half-plate of DR. DE JONGH'S Oil is equal in remedial effects to a quart of any other kind. Hence it is incomparably the best, so it is likewise far the cheapest. Painlessness, speedy efficacy, safety, and economy unitedly recommend this unrivalled preparation to invalids.

OPINION OF EDWIN LANKESTER, Esq., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., F.L.S.
Late Lecturer on the Practice of Physic at St. George's Medical School, Superintendent of the Food Collection at the South Kensington Museum, &c., &c.
"I consider that the purity and genuineness of this Oil are equal in its preparation by the personal attention of so good a Chemist and intelligent a Physician as Dr. de Jongh, who has also written the best medical treatise on the Oil with which I am acquainted. I deem the God-Liver Oil sold under his guarantee to be preferable to any other kind as regards genuineness and medicinal efficacy."
"8, Saville-row, W., 1st August, 1850."

Sold ONLY in IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 6d.; Quarts, 8s., encapsuled, and labelled with DR. DE JONGH'S stamp and signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE, by respectable Chemists.
SOLE CONSIGNEES,
ANSAR, HARFORD, AND CO., 77, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.—H. RODRIGUES, 42, PICCADILLY, invites attention to his elegant Stock of TRAVELLING BAGS, BASKETS, fitted complete, DRESSING CASES, Writing Cases, DESPATCH BOXES, JEWEL CASES, RETICULE and CARRIAGE BAGS in great variety. MEDICAL MOUNTED ENVELOPE CASES, BLOTTING BOOKS, and INSTANTANEOUS camera, &c., &c. Boxes of choice Cutlery, Work, Netting, and Glass. The new PATENT SELF-CLOSING BOOK-SLIDE; also a choice variety of ELEGANCES and NOVELTIES suitable for PRESENTATION too various to enumerate, to be had at HENRY RODRIGUES' well-known establishment, 42, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W., two doors from sackville-street.

COALS.—BEST COALS ONLY.—COCKERELL and Co.'s price is now 28s. per ton cash, for the BEST SCREENED COALS, and 18s. per chaldron cash, for BEST COKE, as supplied by them to Her Majesty.—18, Cornhill, E.C.; Furdess Wharf, Earl-street, Ruckfords, E.C.; Eaton Wharf, Grosvenor Canal, Finsbury, S.W.; and Sunderland Wharf, Peckham, S.E.

BLIGHTS, MILDEW, BEDBUGS.—GISHURST COMPOUND, patented for preventing and destroying these and other pests.—See *Gardener's Chronicle, Cottage Gardener, and Field.* In boxes, 1s., 2s., 10s. 6d.; retail of all Nursery and Seedsmen, wholesale of PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY (Limited).

HANDSOME BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS.—HEAL and SON'S SHOW ROOMS contain a large assortment of Brass Bedsteads, suitable both for home use and for iron bedsteads. Handsome Iron Bedsteads with Brass mountings and elegantly japanned; Plain Iron Bedsteads for servants; every description of Wood Bedstead that is manufactured, in mahogany, birch, walnut-tree woods, polished deal and japanned, all fitted with bedding and furniture complete, as well as every description of Bed-room Furniture.

HEAL AND SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing Designs and Prices of 100 Bedsteads, as well as of 150 different Articles of Bed-room Furniture, 150, Tottenham Court-road, W.

WILLIAM SMEE and SONS, CABINET MANUFACTURERS, UPHOLSTERERS, and BEDDING WAREHOUSEMEN, 6, FINSBURY PAYMENT, LONDON, E.C., having pleasure in announcing that these are now completed, and comprise the addition to their already very extensive stock of SIX NEW WARE-ROOMS OF LARGE SIZE, a more commodious ENTRANCE, NEW STAIRCASES, and many other conveniences. Their Stock (which they believe to be the largest in London, and probably in the World) of Upholstery Furniture, including the latest and most elegant Spring Mattress, Tucker's Patent) and Bed-room Furniture, is now contained in SIXTEEN LARGE WARE-ROOMS, besides those devoted to Carpets, Curtain Materials, Draperies, &c., &c.

In making these additions to their Warerooms, WILLIAM SMEE and SONS have given greatly increased accommodation to their BEDDING and BEDROOM FURNITURE DEPARTMENT, and especially have added largely to their Stock of IRON and BRASS BEDSTEADS. They have also just prepared, for the use of their Customers and the Public, a NEW BOOK OF DESIGNS OF IRON AND BRASS BEDSTEADS, TOGETHER WITH REDUCED LISTS OF PRICES OF BEDDING, which will be forwarded upon application. WILLIAM SMEE and SONS strongly urge upon intending Purchasers the advantage of a personal selection, and ask the favour of a call to inspect their Stock.

1st May, 1860.

STOVE GRATES, KITCHENERS, KITCHEN RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FENDERS, and FIRE-IRONS.—An unexampled assortment of well-constructed Grates in Blue cast, Berlin black, steel and ornate, and of Fenders, Fire-irons, and Chimney-Pieces, at the lowest possible prices, at EDW. ALDIS, SON, and CO.'S extensive SHOW-ROOMS, 40, Great Marlborough-street, Regent-street, W., exactly opposite the Conservatory Entrance to the Pantheon Bazaar. The beautiful Porcelain Tile Grates in great variety, from 2 to 50 guineas each. Edwards' Smoke-consuming Range and the most improved Kitcheners of all sizes. Warm Baths erected. Illustrated Prospectuses forwarded. For 25 years in Poland-street adjoining.

FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, and CHIMNEY-PIECES.—Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY, as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or equisiteness of workmanship. Bright Stoves, with Ornate Grates and Two Sets of Bars, 25 to 45, £28 10s.; Bronzed Fenders, with Standards, 7s. to 45 12s.; Steel Fenders, 42 15s. to 41 11d.; with rich Ornate Grates, from 42 15s. to 45 12s.; Chimney-Pieces, from 21 5s. to 42 10s.; Fire-irons, from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. The BURNTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with Radiating Hearth-Plates.

BEDSTEADS, BATHS, and LAMPS.—WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SIX LARGE SHOW-ROOMS devoted exclusively to the SEPARATE DISPLAY of Baths, Baths, and Metallic Bedsteads. The stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his Establishment the most distinguished in this country. Shower Baths, from 12s. 6d. to £20 0s. each. Lamps (Moderate) from 6s. 6d. to 47 7s. each. Pure Colza Oil (All other kinds at the same rate.) 4s. per gallon.

CUTLERY WARRANTED.—The most varied assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all warranted, is ON SALE at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales—9-inch ivory-handled table knives with high shoulders, 12s. 6d. per dozen; dessert, to match, 16s.; if to balance, 6d. per dozen extra; carvers, 4s. 3d. per pair; larger sizes, from 2s. to 27s. 6d. per dozen; extra fine, ivory, 35s.; if with silver ferrules, 40s. to 50s.; white bone table knives, 6s. per dozen; dessert, 5s.; carvers, 2s. 5d. per pair; black horn table knives, 7s. 6d. per dozen; dessert, 6s.; carvers, 2s. 6d.; black wood-handled table knives and forks, 6s. per dozen; table steel, from 1s. each. The largest stock in existence of plated dessert knives and forks, in cases and out of cases, and of the new pointed fish cutters.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY CATALOGUE may be had gratis, and free by post. It contains upwards of 400 Illustrations of his Iron and Steel, Silver and Electro Plate, Nickel Silver and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish-Covers, Hot Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-Pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasaliers, Tea Trays, Urns, and Kettles, Clocks, Table Lamps, Baths, Toilets, Iron, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bed-room Cabinet Furniture, &c., &c., with Lists of Prices and Plans of the Twenty large Show Rooms, at 50, Oxford-street, W.; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4, Newman-street; 4, 5, and 6, Perry's-place; and 1, Newman-street, London.

A TOILETTE REQUISITE FOR THE SPRING.—Among the many luxuries of the present age, none can be obtained possessing the manifold virtues of OLD BRIDGE'S BALM OF COLOMBIA. If applied to the roots and body of the hair, it imparts the most delightful coarseness, with an agreeable fragrance of perfume. It is also the best preservative of the hair from falling off, or, if already too thin or turning grey, will prevent its further progress and soon restore it again. Those who really desire to have beautiful hair, either with wave or curl, should use it. It is also celebrated for strengthening the hair, free from dandruff, and producing new hair, whickers, and moustaches. Established upwards of thirty years. No imitative wash can equal it. Price 2s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. only.—O. and A. OLD BRIDGE, 25, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

BONUS YEAR.

SIXTH DIVISION OF PROFITS.

All Policies now effected will participate in the Division to be made as at 15th NOVEMBER NEXT.

The Standard was established in 1825.

The first Division of Profits took place in 1835; and subsequent Divisions have been made in 1840, 1845, 1850, and 1855.

The Profits to be divided in 1860 will be those which have arisen since 1855.

ACCUMULATED FUND £1,684,598 2 10

ANNUAL REVENUE 289,231 13 5

Annual Average of New Assurances effected during the last Ten Years, upwards of

HALF A MILLION STERLING.

WILL THOS. THOMPSON, Manager.

H. JONES WILLIAMS, Resident Secretary.

The Company's Medical Officer attends at the Office, daily, at Half-past One.

LONDON 82, KING WILLIAM STREET.

EDINBURGH 3, GEORGE STREET (Head Office).

DUBLIN 60, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

1860.

NORTH BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER AND ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Head Office—64, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

London Office—4, NEW BANK BUILDINGS, LOTHBURY.

CHAIRMAN OF LONDON BOARD—SIR PETER LAURIE, Alderman.

BANKER—UNION BANK OF LONDON.

SOLICITOR—ALEXANDER DOBIE, Esq., Lancaster-place.

Accumulated Fund £1,031,454 0 0

Annual Revenue £179,083 11 11

LIFE ASSURANCE.

1860.

POLICIES EFFECTED WITH THIS COMPANY DURING THE PRESENT YEAR WILL BE ENTITLED TO SIX YEARS' BONUS AT NEXT DIVISION OF PROFITS.

During the year 1859, 65 Policies were issued, Assuring the sum of £47,015 0 0

Policies are by arrangement declared free from all restrictions.

Ninety per cent. of the Profits are divided amongst Policy-holders Insured on the Participating Scale.

At the last investigation, 31st December, 1858, the ascertained Profit on the business during the preceding seven years amounted to £238,000.

The attention of the Public is specially called to the DOUBLE INSURANCE SYSTEM—HALF PREMIUM SYSTEM—and ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY SYSTEM—lately adopted at this Office. For full particulars, reference is made to the Prospectus of the Company. No extra Premium charged for Members of Volunteer Corps.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Company insure against Fire most descriptions of Property, at the lowest rates of Premium corresponding to the risk. Rents of Buildings also insured.

Prospectuses and all necessary information may be obtained on application at No. 4, NEW BANK BUILDINGS, LOTHBURY, or any of the Agents in the Country.

4, New Bank Buildings, Lothbury,

R. STRACHAN, Secretary.

London, March, 1860.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

FLEET STREET, LONDON.

May 10th, 1860.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the PROPRIETORS of this Society will be held at the OFFICE, Fleet-street, London, on FRIDAY, the 8th day of JUNE next, at Twelve o'clock, for the purpose of declaring a Division of the Surplus of the Assurance Fund of the Society in respect of the five years ending on the 31st December last.

And Notice is hereby further given, that a Second Special General Meeting will be held at the like hour and place, on the following Friday, the 15th day of June, for the purpose of confirming the resolution which shall have been agreed to at such First Meeting, in pursuance of the provisions contained in the Deed of Settlement.

And Notice is hereby further given, that any person who shall have been assured by the Society for two whole years may, on the production of his Policy and of the last receipt for the Premium thereon, be present at such Meeting. At each of the said Meetings the chair will be taken at Twelve o'clock precisely.

By Order of the Directors,

WILLIAM SAMUEL DOWNES, Actuary.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

1, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.—INSTITUTED 1820.

DIRECTORS.

FREDERICK PATTON, Esq., Chairman.

JAMES ERAND, Esq., Deputy Chairman.

Thomas George Barclay, Esq.

James C. G. Bell, Esq.

Charles Carr, Esq.

George William Cottam, Esq.

George Henry Cutler, Esq.

Henry Duffell, Esq.

George Field, Esq.

George Hibbert, Esq.

Samuel Hibbert, Esq.

Thomas Newman Hunt, Esq.

James Gordon Murdoch, Esq.

William R. Robinson, Esq.

Martin Tucker Smith, Esq., M.P.

Newman Smith, Esq.

SECURITY.—The assured are protected from the liabilities attaching to mutual assurance by a fund of a million and a half sterling, of which nearly a million is actually invested, one-third in Government Securities, and the remainder in first-class debentures and mortgages in Great Britain.

PROFITS.—Four-fifths, or 80 per cent. of the profits are assigned to policies every fifth year. The assured are entitled to participate after payment of one premium.

PURCHASE OF POLICIES.—A liberal allowance is made on the surrender of a policy, either by a cash payment or the issue of a policy free of premium.

CLAIMS.—The Company has disbursed in payment of claims and additions upwards of £1,500,000.

Proposals for insurances may be made at the chief office, as above; at the branch office, 16, Pall-mall, London; or to any of the agents throughout the kingdom.

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

* Service allowed in Local Militia and Volunteer Rifle Corps within the United Kingdom.

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE OFFICE,

NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.—ESTABLISHED IN 1762.

The Amount added to the existing Policies for the whole continuance of Life at the decennial division of profits in December last, was ONE MILLION SIX HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS, making, with former additions then outstanding a total of FOUR MILLIONS AND SEVENTY THOUSAND POUNDS, which amounts to Sixty-seven per cent. on the sums originally assured in all those Policies.

The BONUSES paid on claims in the ten years ending on the 31st December, 1859, exceed

THREE MILLIONS AND A HALF,

being more than 100 per cent. on the amount of all those claims.

The CAPITAL, on the 1st November, 1859, £2,400,000 sterling.

The INCOME exceeds £450,000 per annum.

POLICIES effected in the current year (1860) will PARTICIPATE in the DISTRIBUTION OF PROFITS ordered in DECEMBER LAST, so soon as Six Annual Premiums shall have become due and been paid thereon; and, in the division of 1861, will be entitled to additions in respect of EVERY PREMIUM paid upon them from the years 1861 to 1863, each inclusive.

The EQUITABLE is an entirely mutual Office, in which TWO-THIRDS OF THE CLEAR SURPLUS is decennially divided among the POLICY HOLDERS, and ONE-THIRD RESERVED FOR SECURITY, and as an Accumulating Fund, in augmentation of other profits for future periodical distribution.

No extra premium is charged for service in any Volunteer Corps within the United Kingdom, during peace or war.

A WEEKLY COURT OF DIRECTORS is HELD EVERY WEDNESDAY, from Eleven to One o'clock, to receive proposals for New Assurances; and "a Prospectus" of the Society may be had on application at the Office, where attendance is given daily, from Ten to Four o'clock.

ARTHUR MOEGAN, Actuary.

HAND-IN-HAND INSURANCE OFFICE,

No. 1, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1696.

DIRECTORS.

The Hon. William Ashley.

The Hon. Sir Edward Cust.

Arthur Eden, Esq.

John Letson Elliot, Esq.

James Esdaile, Esq.

John Gurney Hoare, Esq.

T. Fuller Maitland, Esq.

William Scott, Esq.

John Sperling, Esq.

Thomas Turner, Esq.

Henry Wilson, Esq.

William Esdaile Winter, Esq.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

RESOLVED.—That persons whose lives are insured in this Office be insured without extra Premium, against all risks to which they may be exposed whilst engaged in the Militia, or in any Yeomanry, Rifle, or other Volunteer Corps, acting within the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, whether in time of peace or war.

This Office offers a low scale of Premium to Non-members without participation in profits, or a Member's scale of Premiums with an Annual participation in the whole of the profits, after five Annual payments.

For the last twelve years participation in profits has yielded an Annual abatement of 25 per cent. on the premiums of all Policies of five or more years' standing.

The effect of the abatement is thus shown:—

Age when Insured.	Sum Insured.	Annual Premium for first Five Years.	Reduced Annual Premium.
30	£ 500	£ s. d. 18 7 1	£ s. d. 6 7 0
40	1000	33 10 2	10 2 8
50	2000	61 10 10	18 1 4

Insurances effected before the 21th June next, will participate in profits in the year 1865.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Insurances effected at the usual rates.

By order of the Board,

RICHARD EAY, Secretary.

MUSWELL HILL LAND COMPANY (Limited).

PROSPECTUSES and FORMS of APPLICATION for SHARES may be obtained at the OFFICES of this Company, or of Messrs. FIELD, SON, and WOOD, Stockbrokers, No. 9, Warrford-court, Throgmorton-street, on or before Tuesday, 22nd instant.

GEO. STEVENS, Sec. pro tem.

61, Gresham House, Old Broad-street, 16th May, 1860.

REDUCTION OF THE WINE DUTIES.

THE OXFORD SHERRY, 30s. per dozen, bottles included.—CADIZ WINE COMPANY, 66, St. James's-street, London. N.B.—Carriage free.

REDUCTION OF THE WINE DUTIES.

EUROPEAN AND COLONIAL WINE COMPANY, 122, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

The promoters of the above Company beg to announce that they have reduced their Tariff of Prices, and now offer their patrons the full benefit of the new enactment.

ROYAL VICTORIA SHERRY 27s. per dozen.

(The Standard of excellence.)

SPLendid OLD PORT, 25 years in the wood 27s. per dozen.

SPARKLING EFFERVESCENT CHAMPAGNE 24s. "

ST. JULIEN CLARET, pure and without acidity 24s. "

FINEST COGNAC BRANDY (Pale or Brown) 48s. and 52s.

SOUTH AFRICAN PORT, SHERBY, &c. 30s. and 32s.

The finest ever introduced into this country.

Bottles and Packages included, and Six Dozen Cases Free to any Railway Station in England or Wales. Price Lists Free on application. Terms Cash.

WILLIAM REID TIPPING, Manager.

JAMES L. DENMAN, Wine Merchant, and Introducer of the

South African Wines, 65, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The recent reduction of the Customs tariff enables me to offer various European Wines and Spirits hitherto excluded by the operation of high duties at the following scale of prices:—

SOUTH AFRICAN WINES.

The established reputation of these Wines renders comment unnecessary.

PORTS, SHERRIES, &c. &c. 20s. 24s. per dozen.

FRENCH.

PORTS 20s. 24s. "

CLARET, VIN ORDINAIRE 20s. 24s. "

Do. (various growths) 24s. 26s. 42s. "

CHAMPAGNE (sparkling) 20s. 42s. "

SPANISH.

ARRAGONESE PORTS 20s. 24s. "

CATALANIAN SHERRY 20s. 24s. "

EXCELLENT DINNER DO. 20s. 22s. &c. "

PORTUGUESE.

RED LISBON 24s. "

PORT from the Wood 20s. 22s. "

Do. (Old Crusted) 20s. 42s. &c. "

SPIRITS.

COGNAC BRANDY, Pale or Brown 22s. 24s. per gallon.

HOLLAND 15s. "

EXCELLENT BRANDY, Pale or Brown (Strongly recommended for its usefulness) 12s. "

GIN, RUM, WHISKY (Scotch and Irish), FOREIGN LIQUEURS, &c. &c.

Detailed Price Lists forwarded on application.

WINE IN CASK, forwarded Free to any Railway Station in England. Bottles included in Wines—Sample Bottles of any Wines forwarded.

TERMS CASH. Country Orders must contain a remittance.

Cross Cheques "Bank of London."

J. L. DENMAN, 65, Fenchurch-street, London, E.C.

ALLSOPPS PALE ALE.—FINDLATER, MACKIE,

TODD, and CO., beg to announce that they are now prepared to supply ALLSOPPS PALE ALE, of the finest quality, in Bottles and Casks of 18 Gallons and upwards.

Stores, under London Bridge Railway-station; Entrance, 215, Rooley-street, S.E.

ALLSOPPS PALE ALE IN BOTTLE, recommended by

Baron LIEBIG and all the Faculty, may now be had in the finest condition of Messrs. HARRINGTON PARKER, and CO., who have REDUCED the PRICE of this highly esteemed beverage to

4s. 6d. per dozen Imperial Pints.

2s. 6d. " Imperial Half-pints.

Address HARRINGTON PARKER, and Co., 54, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

THE EAST INDIA TEA COMPANY (LIMITED),

the only Company who import their own Teas and supply the Public direct—a CLEAR SAVING OF FIFTEEN PER CENT. The celebrated 6lb. bag of Tea, from 2s. 6d. per lb.; of Coffee in the berry, from 10s.; fine Lapsang Souchong, in pounds, 3s. 6d.

Warehouse, 6, Great St. Helen's-churchyard, Bishopsgate-street.

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